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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1888, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than a dozen exceptions. The oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting, readable, editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, miscellaneous and valuable features and household departments, reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 253, Order Sons of St. George, Henry Davidson, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays. 12, 10

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen, President; Christensen, Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays. 12, 11

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. Melville, President; Daniel J. Conklin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. 12, 10

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Margaret McKee; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Henspeck. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays. 12, 11

ARMED THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Frederick J. Buehler. Adjutant, Gus Segura. 12, 10

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. Mary F. Sullivan; Secretary, Mrs. James Lynch. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays. 12, 10

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James C. Walter, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin; Recorder of Records and Seal, Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, 10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 5, U. R. K. of P.—W. Knight Captain P. A. C. Stuart, W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first, 2nd, 4th. 12, 11

CLAN McLOUGHLIN, No. 155—Huth S. Melvin, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays. 12, 10

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 238, Independent Order of Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays. 12, 10

Local Matters.

National Guard at Forts.

The officers of the Rhode Island National Guard are now on duty at the Forts in this vicinity and the med of the two State regiments will come down on Sunday for their tour of duty for a week. The plan of having the officers come in advance of the men is a new one, but it seems reasonable to have the officers become familiar with their duties here before being called upon to direct their men.

It seems that the men will have no rest next week as a full programme of duty has been laid out for them. The 8th and 10th companies will be stationed at Fort Adams, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th companies, besides staff and band will go to Fort Wetherill, the 1st, 2nd, 5th, 7th and 9th companies at Fort Greble, and 3rd and 4th companies at Fort Getty.

The tour of duty will include thorough instruction in the details of handling the guns in the batteries at the forts, this to occupy the early days of the week. This instruction will be followed by sub-calibre practice, and later the men will be given service practice. On Friday evening next there will be a simulated naval attack which will be beaten off by the men of the national guard.

The regulars will not take much part in the week's practice, except for the necessary details that will provide the instructions for the militia and also look after the manipulation of the guns. The regulars will have their week of camp life in October when they have their annual service practice and target work.

Patrolman Robert G. Scott was badly bitten by a man whom he was endeavoring to place under arrest last Sunday evening. Hearing a noise in the stable of Acker, Merrill and Condit, he investigated and discovered Patrick Morrissey endeavoring to harness a horse. Morrissey was ugly drunk and there was a lively encounter between him and the officer. While the two were struggling Morrissey brought his teeth into play and the policeman was badly bitten, the worst injuries being to his thumb. He landed his man at the station and then was taken to his home for treatment. In the police court next morning Morrissey was sent up for 90 days.

Commander Patrick W. Houghigan, U. S. N., at present commandant of the Naval Training Station here, is one of the fourteen naval officers who have been selected for compulsory retirement. He will be retired with the rank of captain.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular monthly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Monday evening of this week, because the regular meeting night fell on a holiday. There was not a great deal of business to be transacted.

Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Board of Health	\$1,644.42
City Asylum	431.94
Fire department	1,228.30
Highways and Bridges	7,881.47
Police	1,967.33
Overseers of the poor	200.50
Public Parks	614.18
Public schools	518.42
Playgrounds	54.00
Various city offices	654.19
Hospital	566.00
Ambulance	69.94
City cemetery	95.24
Street lighting	1,174.28
Elections	12.00
Miscellaneous, public safety	30.70
Tourist bureau fund	52.50
Indexing and preserving records	44.90
Tourist Ministerial & Cemetery fund	18.48
Dog fund	50.00
	\$14,971.90

Various monthly and quarterly reports were received and a number of minor licenses were granted. There was some talk about the dangerous condition of some portions of the cliff walk and the city solicitor was instructed to notify the owners that they, and not the city, would be liable in case of accident resulting therefrom. The deed to Bush street was called up, and Mr. Nolan was informed that the reason the deed had not been accepted was that the city had no funds to improve the street. Mr. Nolan believed that it was in excellent condition.

Aldermen Shepley, Ledy and Kelly were appointed a committee to advise for bids for leasing Easton's Beach, as the term of the present lease expires next November. It was also voted to request Manager Paine to appear before the board on Thursday evening to talk over the matter of lack of amusements at the beach.

At the meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening there were some lively discussions regarding matters at Easton's Beach. Alderman Mahoney, who had been absent from the meeting on Monday when a committee was appointed to make the preliminary investigation into a new lease of the beach, objected to that form of doing the business. He believed that public hearings should be held, and that the public should have an opportunity to express their opinions on this matter. The other members of the board seemed to agree with him on general principle, but as the committee was not clothed with unusual power it was not thought advisable to rescind from the action in appointing the committee.

There was also some discussion when Manager Frederick H. Paine of the Beach appeared before the board in response to the invitation. He was asked why the merry-go-round was not running, and stated that a new machine was on the way. It was finally voted by the board that the machine should be in operation not later than next Tuesday. Then Mr. Nolan spoke for D. R. Casembas who had tried to secure the merry-go-round privilege at the beach. He showed that Mr. Casembas had paid the beach more than \$1000 for privileges, and that the restrictions imposed upon the various privileges by the management, regarding early closing, etc., made them undesirable.

In addition to these beach matters, routine business was transacted, and grand and petit jurors were drawn for the year.

Mr. William Cutting, Jr., well known in New York and Newport society, died in Paris last week after a considerable illness. With his mother, Mrs. Brockholst Cutting, he had made his home abroad for several years, although previous to that time they had spent many summers in Newport. Mrs. Cutting owned an attractive estate on Bellevue avenue, known as "Wee Bush," and entertained considerably previous to the death of an older son, Mr. Brockholst Cutting, about six years ago. Both Mr. Cutting and his mother took a deep interest in the affairs of St. Mary's parish and contributed liberally toward its needs even during their prolonged absence from the city.

The total registration for the year ending June 30, 1911, was 1,403, an increase over last year of 50 names. Both parties are claiming that they secured the better of the registration. There was quite a rush on the last day, 205 names being added to the book on that day. No person, not a taxpayer, will be able to vote at any election that may be held between this time and the 30th of next June unless he placed his name on the registry book previous to last Saturday. The regular elections are the State election in November and the city election in December, but of course special elections may be called.

Stephen H. Sullivan, a fire department driver, died at his home on Thursday after a short illness. He was formerly foreman of engine company No. 6, but of late years had been driver of Combination 2.

Independence Day.

The celebration of Independence Day in Newport on Tuesday was in the main an excellent and enjoyable one. The day seemed to be rather more quiet than ordinary and there were no casualties from the use of fireworks. There were several fire alarms, but all were of a trivial nature and the loss from explosives was practically nothing. There was an excellent street parade, which was really the main feature of the day, even though Newport's two militia organizations were conspicuous by their absence. The fireworks at the beach fell very far below the expectations and they were roundly denounced by many people, both on account of the unnecessary delay in starting them and the poor showing that they made even after a large part of the spectators had become disgusted and gone away. The city certainly did not get much value for its four hundred dollars spent for fireworks.

The day was an ideal one for the Fourth, although it was rather hot for marching. In the afternoon there was a lively breeze that cooled the air but stirred up a heavy sea in the bay and made it rather rough for the various races that were scheduled. Some of the boats that entered met with accidents, and all the pleasure craft that were out were heavily reefed down. The evening was fine for a fireworks display, the air being clear and free from fog.

There was a large crowd of strangers in the city during the day, many being drawn here by the reports of the excellent street parade to be composed almost entirely of regulars and they were not disappointed at the spectacle that they saw. Others came here simply to escape the smothering heat of the cities and they found the cool breezes very refreshing.

The first feature of the celebration in the morning was the street parade. This was under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Michael J. Kelly of the Elberonian Rifles as marshal. The parade was started on the minute set, and moved over the route promptly. The line was headed by the platoon of police, and after them came the marshal and his staff. The four companies of Coast Artillery were headed by the Seventh Artillery Band and were under the command of Major Tracey. The men presented a fine appearance. In their khaki uniforms and their marching was excellent. The naval representation was large, comprising the men from the flag ship Connecticut with their band, the men from the battleship Michigan with their band, and the apprentices from the Training Station with the Station band. The Elberonian Rifles, the only local organization in line, brought up the rear, escorting the city and state officers in carriages.

There were many flags and other decorations along the route of march and at some points the spectators even were enthusiastic enough to applaud occasionally, which is an unusual feature for Newport, where the men are accustomed to march through ranks of spectators all standing in silence.

There were plenty of sports for all concerned. Perhaps the most exciting were on the water, where the stiff breeze made much trouble and there were some accidents. The cutter race between the crews from the Naval Reserve and the flag ship Connecticut drew a large crowd and was won by the latter by twenty seconds. It was a good race though. There were few entries for the motor and cat boat races under the auspices of the Newport Yacht Club, and some of these came to grief. For motor boats there were three entries, and the Tippecanoe, W. J. Browley, was the only one to finish. Of the three cat boats, the Marle alone finished the first round, and then the stake boat pulled up anchor and went to the aid of the Indian which had carried away her mast and needed help to get in. No one was injured, but the wreckage made a mess for a time.

The cutter races for crews of apprentices from the Training Station brought six starters and the race was a pretty one. Through a mistake the leading cutter stopped rowing before the mark was reached and secured only third place. The swimming race was won by Henry Monson, Jr., who led by nearly a minute. There were four contestants.

The sports at Morton Park in the afternoon drew a large crowd and were well worth seeing. There were many events on the programme and there were plenty of entries for all. Many of the entrants were from the army and navy and this helped to make things interesting.

In the evening the people went over to the beach to see the fireworks and this proved to be the only real frost of the day. Long before eight o'clock the crowd had begun to assemble and by 8:30, the hour for the exhibition to begin, there were probably 10,000 people within the range of vision. They waited long beyond what seemed a reasonable time, and then began to drift away. It was after 9:30 before the show began and by that time the crowd had diminished greatly. Those who remained for the start did not do the show good enough to hold them and when it came to an end there were few people in the vicinity.

The closing features of the day were the band concerts in the various parks which drew large crowds.

Superior Court.

Presiding Justice Willard H. Tauner of the Rhode Island Superior Court was at the Court House on Monday for the consideration of matters presented on motion day for July. There were many cases assigned for trial or hearing at subsequent dates, but those cases on which motion for new trial has been made will be heard later by Judge Tauner. Among these are Catherine Donohue vs. The A. C. Titus Company, and Richard H. Wheeler, tax collector of Middletown, vs. Lydia M. Ward.

In the case of William P. Buffum, administrator, vs. Robert Smith, an action for damages for the death of Miss Helen Parker who was killed by defendant's automobile, Mr. Levy for the defendant argued on demurrer. He claimed that the declaration was insufficient because it mingled several causes for action. Mr. MacLeod argued in support of the declaration, and said that if the counts are confined the remedy is to have them separated. The court ruled that the declaration was demurrable and allowed the plaintiff ten days in which to amend the declaration and ten more days were allowed in which to plead.

A decree was ordered in regard to the Bush trust fund for widows for the Channing Memorial Church. In accordance with the report of the special master, \$700 will be set aside for the care of the widows, in accordance with the bequest, and the balance, \$2,200, will be kept separate for the purpose of repainting and beautifying the church.

The one unpleasant feature in connection with the excellent programme arranged for the celebration of the Fourth of July was the long wait for the fireworks to begin at Easton's Beach. The contract for this exhibition was given to an out of town concern with the expectation that they would present something good and that would be well handled. As it was, there was a terrible botch and the arrangements were apparently grossly inefficient. With a positive time set for 8:30, it was more than an hour later before the first piece was touched off, and in that time, hundreds of persons had given up in disgust and gone to their homes. It is no pleasure to stand around in the street simply waiting, and the aldermanic committee would do well to express to the contractors in strong terms their opinion of the inefficiency shown. Neither was the display as good as the people had reason to expect. The amount expended was \$400 and this should have secured something good.

The Herreshoff, expect to be able to deliver the new ferry boat for the Torpedo Station in October, and this will then replace the Wave which is not large enough to accommodate the traffic between this city and the station. The new boat will be a fine one, more than 100 feet in length, and will be equipped with a full fire fighting apparatus for service along the water front. Although the Wave is similarly equipped she has never been called into service for a Newport fire, but she has been lauded here several times with her hose manned for instant action if required. Such an auxiliary fire department is of great value to Newport and when a bad fire does break out along the water front its service will be appreciated.

Mr. John H. Jouvet, brother of Helme Jouvet, foreman of the MERCURY, passed his 91st birthday on Monday last. Mr. Jouvet was formerly in business in this city but for the past fifty years has been a resident of Cincinnati. He is in remarkably good health for a man of his years.

Secretary of the Navy Meyer came into the harbor on Saturday on the despatch boat Dolphin. In the party on the vessel were Miss Helen Taft, daughter of the President, and Miss Meyer, daughter of the Secretary. The party had been to New London to see the boat races.

The summer half-holiday season at the Torpedo Station began last Saturday. During the summer the employees there are allowed Saturday afternoons, and this is greatly appreciated by the men.

The battleships Connecticut and Michigan have called to join the Atlantic fleet for summer maneuvers. They had been in these waters for some weeks.

Mr. William Irving Kelley, a former Newporter, died at his home in Easton, Pa., this week. He was formerly employed at the Old Colony shops here.

Woman Fatally Burned.

Miss Mary Grant, ninety-three years of age, died at the Newport Hospital on Tuesday as the result of burns received on the previous day while lighting an oil stove. It was expected that she would succumb to her injuries, which would have been very serious even for a much younger woman.

Miss Grant lived in a little house at 23 West street, having as a companion Mrs. Ann Seaton, the latter being also a woman advanced in years. Monday afternoon Mrs. Seaton went to light an oil stove, when in some way an explosion occurred. She endeavored to protect Miss Grant from the flames, but without avail, although she was badly burned herself in so doing. Neighbors were attracted to the house and helped the two women out, while an alarm was struck from box 45. The ambulance was called and Miss Grant was removed to the hospital where she died. Mrs. Seaton was taken to the home of neighbors and is rapidly recovering from her injuries, but is over-coming by the death of Miss Grant.

In addition to the alarm for this fire, the department has been very busy all the week. There have been many stills and box alarms, but nothing of any serious consequence. There was a slight fire at the residence of Rev. Stanley Hughes on Touro street Tuesday evening, caused by curtains blowing into a gas jet, and the department was called to box 36. Later in the night there was a call from box 312 on account of a skyrocket on the roof of a house on Halsey street; damage slight.

The Bruen villa on Bellevue avenue was considerably damaged by fire Wednesday afternoon, the department being called by an alarm from box 511 shortly after five o'clock. The fire was in the one-story addition that was formerly used as a laundry and this was practically destroyed. The house was not occupied and the cause of the fire is unknown, but very likely it was started by boys playing around there.

The house stands back from the street among the trees and is not easily seen. Miss Constance Warren, a well known summer resident, enjoyed the experience of helping to extinguish the fire. About 8 o'clock the same evening there was an alarm from box 34 at Spring and Mary streets for a slight fire on the roof of Aronson's restaurant on Thames street. The fire was out long before the department arrived, but they had a hard run up the hill, because the wrong box was pulled.

Newport was not seriously affected by the hot wave that paralyzed the greater part of the country during the early portion of the week. With temperatures all over the land ranging from 100 to 120, and with cities so near Newport as Providence and Boston sweltering under abnormal temperatures, the weather here has been always cool and delightful. Even in the middle of the day with a clear sun shining, the thermometers registered but little more than eighty, and when the evenings came, it has frequently been necessary to wear wraps to enjoy the open piazzas. Every day there have been strong fresh breezes which have completely dispelled the effects of the hot sun. There is no place in the country that is more comfortable to live in than Newport, and if more people knew this there would be even more residents here than there are.

Newport was treated to a brisk electrical storm Thursday evening, during which the lightning struck in several places and quite a stretch of electric lights were put out of service. The storm came up from the northwest about 9 o'clock. The clouds were seen approaching rapidly, and just before the rain fell there was a sudden blast of wind that lasted for about five minutes and swept the dust in every direction. Then came bolt after bolt of lightning, striking in several places. Several electric light poles were struck, the one on lower Broadway putting out the lights in the City Hall where the board of aldermen was in session. The rain was gentle and did much good to lawns and flower beds, but was not long enough to raise the water in the ponds to any appreciable extent.

The summer farmhouse, owned by Constant Smith of this city and located near Conanicut Park in Jamestown, was destroyed by fire early on the morning of the Fourth of July. Mr. Smith had left his man in charge of the place, while the family came to Newport to spend the Fourth. The fire broke out early in the morning and there was little that could be saved. There was no insurance on the property.

The monument erected to the memory of Col. Young of this State who was Gen. Sheridan's chief of scouts, will be dedicated on Wednesday next with appropriate exercises. The monument stands on Exchange Place, Providence, and was erected by the State.

A New Enterprise.

The Shepley Construction Company has been organized on Newport capital and work has begun at Diamond Hill crushing stone for road purposes. The first train of loaded cars from the quarry was shipped on Thursday. This company owns an entire mountain of the finest road or building stone in the State, or in New England for that matter. It is located in the town of Cumberland, R. I., is close to the main track of the New Haven road, and has a spur track a quarter of a mile in length running directly through the building and under the two large crushers so that the stone when broken falls directly into the cars without any handling.

Two large crushers are at work capable of crushing five hundred tons of stone a day. This stone is superior for road purposes and also for concrete building and for many other uses. It is believed that in a short time the valuable qualities of this stone will make it in general demand not only in Rhode Island but also in many parts of Massachusetts. Many inquiries are already coming in from the latter State.

Sarah Howlett and Elmina Washington, both colored, are being held in \$500 each on charges of assault. The cases are set for trial next Tuesday. It is alleged that one of the women wielded a razor and the other a table knife, the affair taking place early Thursday morning at a house on William street, following a dance the evening before.

MIDDLETOWN.

Rev. and Mrs. James P. Conover of Concord, N. H., with their two children, have arrived at the Court Cottage, Indian avenue, for the summer.

The main roads and principal branch roads have been traversed by the motor oil sprinkler. The old roads, which have not received a covering of oil, are deep with dust.

Rev. John B. Diman returned from Europe early this week. His many friends tendered him a reception on Friday evening at the Berkeley Parish House, Green End avenue, to welcome him home. The affair was planned by the president of St. Columba's Guild, Mrs. Joseph F. Albro, and was conducted by Miss Nellie R. Peckham, chairman of arrangements.

The Witherbee School is being painted a cream and white with green roof. The contract to paint also the Paradise and Peabody Schools was awarded in March to Mr. A. B. Vargas, the work to be done through the summer vacation. The schools are all to be the same color.

The "dinner suppers" which have been so popular on the West Side, and have been discontinued since last December, were resumed this week. The first was a New England supper of brown-bread and beans and was held on Wednesday evening at Holy Cross Guild House. It was given by the members of the Guild and was well attended.

Mrs. Henry (Phoebe) Smith and her daughter, Miss Louise Henry Smith, of Providence, formerly of Middletown, spent a few days, over the Fourth, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alden P. Barker. Miss Smith expects to spend the summer here and in Newport. Reaching her majority on Tuesday, the Fourth, she comes in possession of her portion of her father's property in Middletown.

"The Spirit of American Independence" formed the theme for the patriotic services held at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday evening. The services opened with the singing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and closed with "America." There were also other patriotic hymns, and Mrs. Ida Brown sang a solo. A handsome American flag was draped back of the pulpit and four silver flags on staffs adorned the corners of the chancel.

The Fourth was one of the quietest spent here in years. Very little noise was heard through the day, and not as many fireworks as usual were put off in the evening, the majority of the people being at the 1st Beach.

The hay crop, while excellent in quality, is not up to the standard in quantity. The dry season last year and this, cut down the yield nearly a half in some places. It also shortened the strawberry crop and may hurt the raspberries if rain does not come soon.

The Sunday School and parish summer festival of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, has been postponed from this week to Friday July 28 and is to be held at Bethshan in the Woods.

The annual lawn party of the combined churches of Holy Cross and St. Mary's will take place at Holy Cross Guild House August 2.

The meetings of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society were resumed on Wednesday. The meeting was held in the parlors of the Methodist Church and was conducted by the vice president, Miss Ellen E. Smith. The subject for the evening, "The Upward Path," or the "Evolution of the Black Race," was resumed, the title for the afternoon being "First years of Freedom." The program was conducted by the chairman of the program committee, Mrs. Edward E. Wells. Two prepared papers were also presented, "Fetichism" by Mrs. Isaac Peabody, and "In the African Jungle" and "American Slavery," Mrs. E. A. Peckham.

Miss Mary Brownell of Providence is erecting a small bungalow along the east shore near Boathouse, Indian avenue. Miss Brownell and her parents have been summer visitors in Middletown for a long period of years having occupied the Arnold Villa for several seasons.

The House of the Whispering Pines

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

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CHAPTER XVIII.

A BROTHER'S VOY.

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

CHANGE was observable in this degenerate son of the Cumberlands since many there had confronted him face to face. Physically he was improved, but otherwise the difference was such as to arouse doubt as to the real man lurking behind his dogged, uncommunicative manner. I felt that beyond the one fact that he could be relied upon to protect Carmel's name and Carmel's character, even to the jeopardizing of his case, he was not to be counted on and might yet stifle many of us, and most notably of all the little woman waiting to hear what he had to say in his own defense before she threw herself into the breach and made that devoted attempt to save him, in his own despite, which had been my terror from the first and was my terror now. Perjury, but not in his own defense—rather in opposition to it—that is what his counsel had to fear, and I wondered if they knew it. He was asked:

"Mr. Cumberland, did you have any quarrel with your sister during the afternoon or evening of Dec. 27?"

"I did." Then, as if not satisfied with this simple statement, he blurted forth: "And it wasn't the first. She disapproved of my fondness for drink. She didn't like my late hours, or the condition in which I frequently came home. I did not like her expressions of displeasure or the way she frequently cut me short when I wanted to have a good time with my friends. We never agreed. I made her suffer often and unnecessarily. I regret it now; she was a better sister to me than I could then understand."

Mr. Moffat, with an eye on District Attorney Fox, who had shown his surprise at the trend the examination was taking by a slight indication of uneasiness, went on with his examination:

"Mr. Cumberland, will you tell us when you first felt this change of opinion in regard to your sister?"

Mr. Fox leaped to his feet. Then he slowly resumed himself. Evidently he

next question with equal directness: "Mr. Cumberland, you have mentioned seeing your sister in her coffin. When was this?"

"At the close of her funeral, just before she was carried out."

"Did you open the casket prior to this moment of which you speak? Had you been near it? Had you handled it in any way?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Cumberland, you have heard mention made of a ring worn by your sister to life, but missing from her finger after death. You remember this ring?"

"I do."

"Is this it?"

"It is, so far as I can judge at this distance."

"Hand the ring to the witness," ordered the judge.

The ring was so-banded.

He glanced at it and said bitterly: "I recognize it. It was her engagement ring."

"Was this ring on her finger, that night at the dinner table?"

"I cannot say positively, but I believe so. I should have noticed its absence."

"Why, may I ask?"

For the first time the prisoner flushed, and the look he darted at his counsel had the sting of a reproach in it. Yet he answered: "It was the token of an engagement I didn't believe in or like. I should have hated any proof that this engagement was off."

Mr. Moffat smiled enigmatically.

"Mr. Cumberland, if you are not sure of having seen this ring then, when did you see it and where?"

A rustle from end to end of that crowded courtroom. This was an audacious move. What was coming?

What would be the answer of the man who was believed not only to have made himself the possessor of this ring, but to have taken a most strange and uncanny method of disposing of it afterward?

"I saw it when the police showed it to me and asked me if I could identify it."

"Was that the only time you have seen it up to the present moment?"

"It is."

The universal silence gave way to a universal sigh of excitement and relief. Without waiting for the present sentiment to cool, Mr. Moffat proceeded immediately with his examination:

"You swear that you have seen this ring but once since the night of your sister's death, and that was when it was shown you in the coroner's office?"

"I do."

"Does this mean that it was not in your possession at any time during that interim?"

"It certainly does."

"Mr. Cumberland, more than one witness has testified to the fact of your having been seen to place your hand in the casket of your sister, before the eyes of the minister and of others attending her funeral. Is this true?"

"It is."

"Was not this a most unusual thing to do?"

"Perhaps. I was not thinking about that. I had a duty to perform, and I performed it."

"A duty? Will you explain to the jury what duty?"

The witness' head rose, then sank. He, as well as every one else, seemed to be impressed by the solemnity of the moment. I even thought I could detect a tremor in his muscles as well as in his voice:

"I had rebelled against my sister's wishes; I had grieved and deceived her up to the very night of her foul and unnatural death—and all through drink." Here his eye flashed, and for that fleeting moment he looked a man.

"I wished to take an oath—an oath I would remember. It was for this purpose I ordered the casket opened and thrust my fingers through the flowers I found there. When my fingers touched my sister's brow I inwardly swore never to taste liquor again. I have kept that oath."

It was an unexpected explanation and calculated to cause a decided and favorable reaction in the minds of those who had looked upon this special act of his as an irrefutable proof of guilt. Mr. Moffat's voice was heard rising again in his strange but telling examination:

"When you thrust your hand in to take this oath, did you drop anything into your sister's casket?"

"I did not. My hand was empty. I held no ring and dropped none in. I simply touched her forehead."

This added to the feeling, and in another instant the excitement might have risen into hubbub had not the emotions of one little woman found vent in a low and sobbing cry, which relieved the tension and gave just the relief needed to hold in check the overstrained feelings of the crowd. I knew the voice and cast one quick glance that way, in time to see Ella sinking

afraidly out of sight under the dismayed looks of father and mother. Mr. Moffat continued his examination by demanding why, when the ring was discovered in Adelaide's casket and he saw what inferences would be drawn from the fact, he had not made an immediate public explanation of his conduct and the reasons he had had for putting his hand there.

"I'm not a monk," shot from the prisoner's lips in his old manner. "A man who would take such an oath, in such a way and at such a time is not the

man to talk about it until he is forced to. I would not talk about it now."

He was checked at this point, but the witness was thus obtained of the natural man in this indignant and sudden outburst, following so quickly upon the solemn declarations of the moment before, did more for him in the minds of those present than the suave and most discreet answer given under the investigation of his counsel.

The question as to who had dropped the ring into the casket if Arthur had not—the innocent children, the grievous servants—was latent, of course, in every breast, but it had not yet reached the point demanding expression.

"Mr. Cumberland, you have stated that you did not personally drop this

ring into the place where it was ultimately found. Can you tell us of your own knowledge who did it?"

"I cannot. I know nothing about the ring. I was much surprised, probably more surprised than any one else, to hear of its discovery in that place."

The slip—and it was a slip for him to introduce that "more"—

"I was her brother."

was immediately taken advantage of by his counsel.

"You say 'more.' Why should it be more of a surprise to you than to any one else to learn where this missing engagement ring of your sister's had been found?"

"I was her brother. I had a brother's antipathies and rightful suspicions. I could not see how that ring came to be where it was when the only one interested in its restoration was in prison."

CHAPTER XIX.

"I AM INNOCENT."

THIS was a direct blow at my self and of course called Mr. Fox to his feet with a motion to strike out this anti-

answer. An altercation followed between him and Mr. Moffat, which, deeply as it involved my life and reputation, failed to impress me, as it might otherwise have done if my whole mind had not been engaged in reconciling the difficulty about this ring with what I knew of Carmel and the probability which existed of her having been responsible for its removal from her sister's hand. But Carmel had been ill since, desperately ill and unconscious. She could have had nothing to do with its disposal afterward among the flowers at her sister's funeral. Nor had she been in a condition to delegate this act of concealment to another. Who, then, had been the intermediary in this business?

The point raised by the district attorney having been ruled upon and sustained by the court, Mr. Moffat made no effort to carry his inquiries any further in the direction indicated, but I could see, with all my inexperience of the law and the ways of attorneys before a jury, that the episode had produced its inevitable result and that my position as a man released from suspicion had received a shock.

A moment's pause followed, during which some of Mr. Moffat's nervousness returned. Then he asked:

"Mr. Cumberland, to return to the night of your sister's death, can you tell us what overcoat you put on when leaving your house?"

Arthur was as astonished and certainly as disconcerted if not as seriously alarmed as I was by this extraordinary move.

"I cannot. I took down the first I saw and the first hat."

"Took down? Took down from where?"

"From the rack in the hall where I hang my things, the side hall leading to the door where we usually go out."

"Have you many coats—overcoats, I mean?"

"More than one."

"And you do not know which one you put on on that cold night?"

"I do not."

"But you know what one you wore back?"

"No."

"Nor do you know what one you wore next?"

"You have seen the hat and coat which have been shown here, and sworn to as being the ones in which you appeared on your return to the house the day following your sister's murder?"

"I have."

"Also the hat and coat found on a remote book in the closet under the stairs, bearing the flour mark on its under brim?"

"Yes, that too."

"Yet cannot say which of these two overcoats you put on when you left your home, an hour or so after finishing your dinner?"

Trapped by his own lawyer—visibly and remorselessly trapped! The blood, shooting suddenly into the astounded prisoner's face, was reflected on the cheeks of the other lawyers present. Even Mr. Fox betrayed his surprise, but it was a surprise not unforgotten by apprehension. Mr. Moffat must feel very sure of himself to venture thus far.

"I cannot. I was in no condition to notice. I was bent on going into town and immediately upon coming downstairs went straight to the rack and pulled on the first things that offered."

It appeared to be a perfect give-away. And it was, but it was a give-away which, I feared, threatened Carmel rather than her brother.

"Mr. Cumberland, were a coat and hat all that you took from the hall?"

"No; I took a key—a key from the bunch which I saw lying on the table."

"What key was it?"

"It belonged to Mr. Ranelagh and was the key to the clubhouse wine vault."

"Where did you put it after taking it up?"

"In my trousers pocket."

"What did you do then?"

"Went out, of course."

"Without seeing anybody?"

"Of course. Whom should I see?"

I was angrily said, and the dash, which had begun to die away, slowly made its way back into his cheeks.

"Are you willing to repeat that you saw no one?"

"There was no one."

A lie! All knew it, all felt it. The man was perjuring himself under his own counsel's persistent questioning on a point which that counsel had evidently been warned by him to avoid. I was assured of this by the way Moffat failed to meet Arthur's eye as he pressed on hastily and in a way to forestall all opposition.

"There are two ways of leaving your house for the city. Which way did you take?"

"The shortest. I went through my neighbor's grounds to the nearest street."

"Immediately?"

"As soon as I could. I don't know what you mean by immediately."

"Didn't you stop at the stable?"

A pause, during which more than one person present sat breathless. These questions were what might be expected from Mr. Fox in cross examination. They seemed totally unconnected to a direct examination at the hands of his own counsel. What did such an innovation mean?

"Yes; I stopped at the stable."

"What to do?"

"To look at the horses."

"Why?"

"One of them had gone lame. I wanted to see his condition."

"Was it the gray mare?"

Had the defense changed places with the prosecution? It looked like it. The situation was too tempting for Mr. Fox. With an assumption of extreme consideration he leaned forward and muttered under his breath to his nearest colleague, but still loud enough for those about him to hear:

"The prisoner must know that he is not bound to answer questions when such answers tend to incriminate him."

A lightning glance shot in his direction, was the eloquent advocate's sole reply.

But Arthur, nettled into speaking, answered the question put to him in a loud, quick tone: "It was not the gray mare, but I went up to the gray mare before going out. I patted her and bade her be a good girl."

"Where was she then?"

"Where she belonged—in her stall."

The tones had sunk; so had his previously lifted head. He no longer commanded universal sympathy or credence. The effect of his former avowals was almost gone.

Yet Mr. Moffat could smile. As I noticed this and recognized the satisfaction it evinced my heart went down in great trouble. This esteemed advocate, the hero of a hundred cases, was not afraid to have it known that Arthur had, harnessed that mare; he even wanted it known. Why? There could be but one answer to that, or so I thought at the moment. The next I did not know what to think for he failed to pursue this subject, and simply asked Arthur if upon leaving he had locked the stable door.

"Yes—no—I don't remember," was the bungling and greatly confused reply.

Mr. Moffat glanced at the jury, the smile still on his lips. Did he wish to impress that body with the embarrassment of his client?

"Relate what followed. I am sure the jury will be glad to hear your story from your own lips."

"It's a beastly one, but if I've got to tell it, here it is: I went straight down to Cuthbert road and across the fields to the clubhouse. I had not taken the key to the front door because I knew of a window I could shake loose. I did this and went in immediately down to the wine vault. I used an electric torch of my own for light. I pulled out several bottles and carried them up into the kitchen meaning to light the gas, kindle a fire and have a good time generally. But I soon found that I must do without light if I stayed there. The meter had been taken out, and to drink by the flash of an electric torch was anything but a pleasing prospect. Besides—here he flashed at his counsel a glance which for a moment took that gentleman aback—"I had heard certain vague sounds in the house which alarmed me as well as roused my curiosity. Choosing the bottle I liked best, I went to investigate these sounds."

Mr. Moffat started. His witness was having his revenge. Kept in ignorance of his counsel's plan of defense, he was evidently advancing testimony new to that counsel. I had not thought the lad so subtle and quaked in secret contemplation of the consequences. So did others, but the interest was intense. He had heard sounds—he acknowledged it. But what sounds?

"But I did not complete my investigations. Arrived at the top of the stairs, I heard what drove me from the house at once. It was my sister's voice—Adelaide's. She was in the building, and I stood almost on a level with her, with a bottle in my pocket. It did not take me a minute to clamber through the window. I did not stop to wonder or ask why she was there or to whom she was speaking. I just fled and made my way as well as I could across the golf links to a little hotel on Cuthbert road, where I had been once before. There I emptied my bottle and was so overcome by it that I did not return home till noon the next day. It was on the way to the hotel that I was told of the awful occurrence which had taken place in the clubhouse after I had left it. That sobered me. I have been sober ever since."

Mr. Moffat's smile came back. One might have said that he had been rather pleased than otherwise by the introduction of this unexpected testimony. Ignoring the new facts just given, undoubtedly thinking that they would be amply sifted in the coming cross examination, he asked the following question:

"Will you tell us again how many bottles of wine you took from the clubhouse?"

"One. No—I'm not sure about that—I'm not sure of anything. I had only one when at the inn in Cuthbert road."

"You remember but one?"

"I had but one. One was enough. I had trouble in carrying that."

"Was the ground slippery?"

"It was snowy, and it was uneven. I stumbled more than once in crossing the links."

"Mr. Cumberland, is there anything you would like to say in your own defense before I close this examination?"

"Nothing but this: I am innocent."

CHAPTER XX.

THE SYLLABLE OF DOOM.

CESS followed. Clifton and I had the opportunity of exchanging a few words. He was valuable; I was reticent.

"He has laid him open to attack on every side. Fox has but to follow his lead and the thing is done. Poor Arthur may be guilty, but he certainly should have every chance a careful lawyer could give him. I have never thought much of Moffat myself. He wins his cases, but—"

"He will win this," I muttered.

Clifton started, looked at me very closely for a minute, paled a little—I fear that I was very pale myself—but did not ask the question rising to his lips.

"There is method in the madness of a man like that," I pursued with a gloom I could not entirely conceal. "He has come upon some evidence which he has not even communicated to his client. At least, I fear so. We must be prepared for any untoward event."

"Elwood," said Clifton, "you're not been quite open with me."

"You have a right to reproach me," said I, "but not wholly. I did not deceive you in essentials. You may still believe me as guilty of Adelaide's

violent death as a man can be who drove her and hers into misery which death alone could end."

"I will believe it," he muttered; "I must." And he dropped the subject, as he made me see, forever.

I drew a deep breath of relief. I had come very near to revealing my secret.

When we returned to the courtroom we found it already packed with a very subdued and breathless crowd. It differed somewhat from the one which had faced us in the morning, but Ella and her parents were there and many others of the acknowledged friends of the accused and his family.

As he took the witness chair and prepared to meet the cross examination of the district attorney a solemn hush settled upon the room.

"Was the visit you made to the wine vault on the evening of the 2d of December the first one you had ever paid there?" asked Mr. Fox.

"No; I had been there once before. But I always paid for my depredations," he added proudly.

"Then you knew the way?"

"Perfectly."

"And the lock?"

"Sufficiently well to open it without difficulty."

"How long do you think you were in entering the house and procuring these bottles?"

"I cannot say. I have no means of knowing. I never thought of looking at my watch."

"But you know when you left the clubhouse to go back?"

"Only by this—it had not yet begun to snow. I'm told that the first flakes fell that night at ten minutes to 11. I was on the golf links when this happened."

Mr. Fox asked: "Whereabouts on the golf links? They extend for some distance, you remember."

"They are 600 yards across from first tee to the third hole, which is the nearest one to Cuthbert road," Arthur particularized. "I was—no, I can't tell you just where I was at that moment. It was a good way from the house. The snow came on very fiercely. For a little while I could not see my way."

"How not see your way?"

"The snow flew into my eyes."

"Crossing the links?"

"Yes, sir; crossing the links."

"But the storm came from the west. It should have beaten against your back."

"Back or front, it bothered me. I could not get on as fast as I wished."

Mr. Fox cast a look at the jury. Did they remember the testimony of the landlord that Mr. Cumberland's coat was as thickly plastered with snow on the front as it had been on the back? He seemed to gather that they did, for he went on at once to say:

"You are accustomed to the links? You have crossed them often?"

"Yes; I play golf there all summer."

"I'm not alluding to the times when you play. I mean to ask whether or not you had ever before crossed them directly to Cuthbert road?"

"Yes, I had."

"In a storm?"

"No, not in a storm."

"How long did it take you that time to reach Cuthbert road from the Whispering Pines?"

Mr. Moffat bounded to his feet, but the prisoner had answered before he could speak.

"Just fifteen minutes."

"How came you to know the time so exactly?"

"Because that day I did look at my watch. I had an engagement in the lower town and had only twenty minutes in which to keep it. I was on time."

Honest at the core. This boy was growing rapidly in my favor. But this frank but unwise answer was not pleasing to his counsel, who would

believe me as guilty of Adelaide's violent death as a man can be who drove her and hers into misery which death alone could end."

"I will believe it," he muttered; "I must." And he dropped the subject, as he made me see, forever.

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FEAR.

HOW IT MAY BE OVERCOME.

Fear is not always a lack of courage. One may be absolutely fearless when facing real danger, but a perfect coward about trifling matters. Many people fear to be in a crowded hall, and frequently, and unnecessarily, leave some enjoyable affair and return home. Thousands fear lightning to such an alarming extent, that during a thunder storm they become ill. Fear of this character is caused by a nervousness brought on chiefly by diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

A further proof that these organs are diseased, is ascertained by depositing a small quantity of urine in a glass tumbler and if after standing twenty-four hours you find itropy or milky in appearance; if it has a sediment; if your back pains you, and you often have a desire to urinate during the night, with burning, scalding pains; if the strong kind of evidence that your kidneys and bladder are diseased and the very strongest reason why you should not delay in trying DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, the pathfinder in medicine, for disease of the kidneys and bladder, liver, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation.

We are so absolutely certain of the curative powers of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, that we will send you a trial bottle, absolutely free, by mail, if you will write to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Golden Pills strengthen the bladder, remove pain anywhere. 10c each.

New England Navigation Co.

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FALL RIVER LINE, Leave Long Wharf, Newport, week days at 9.15 P. M. Sundays 10.00 P. M., May 29. Steamers: COMMONWEALTH and PRISCILLA, Orchestra on each.

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Newport (Str.) 10.00 1.05 4.05 7.15

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Old Colony Street Railway Co.

Newport & Fall River Time Table.

In effect July 1, 1910.

Subject to change without notice.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, week days 6.50 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 10.20 p. m., then 11.20 p. m.

Sundays, 7.00 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 p. m., then 11.15 p. m.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for City Hall, Newport, 6.50 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 10.20 p. m., then 11.20 p. m.

Sundays 6.50 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 p. m., then 11.15 p. m.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of Time June 15, 1910.

Leave One Mile Corner for Newport Park 7.00, 7.45, 8.30, 9.15, 10.00, 10.45 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 8.00 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Newport Park for One Mile Corner 8.22 and 8.57 a. m., and 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.02, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for the Beach 8.30 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10.00 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner 8.45 a. m., then every 15 minutes until and including 10.15 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

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THE HOUSE OF THE WHISPERING PINES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

have advised, no doubt, a more general and less precise reply. However, it had been made, and Moffat was not a man to cry over spilled milk. He did not even win when the district attorney proceeded to elicit from the prisoner that he was a good walker. Now, as the storm that night had been at his back and he was in a hurry to reach his destination it was evidently incumbent upon him to explain how he had managed to use up the intervening time of forty minutes before entering the hotel at 11:30.

"Did you stop in the midst of the storm to take a drink?" asked the district attorney.

As the testimony of the landlord in Cuthbert road had been explicit as to the fact of his having himself uncorked the bottle which the prisoner had brought into the hotel Arthur could not plead yes. He must say no, and he did.

"I drank nothing. I was too busy thinking. I was so busy thinking I wandered all over those links."

"In the blinding snow?"

"Yes, in the snow. What did I care for the snow? I did not understand my sister being in the clubhouse. I did not like it. I was tempted at times to go back."

"And why didn't you?"

"Because I was more of a brute than a brother, because Cuthbert road drew me in spite of myself, because—"

He stopped with the first hint of emotion he had seen in him since the morning. "I did not know what was going on there or I should have gone back," he dashed out, with a defiant look at his counsel.

"When you heard your sister's voice in the clubhouse how did you think she had got into the building?"

"By means of the keys, Ranelagh had left at the house."

"When, instead of taking the whole bunch, you took the one key you wanted from the ring did you do so with any idea she might want to make use of the rest?"

"No; I never thought of it. I never thought of her at all."

"You took your one key, and let the rest lie?"

"You're said it."

"Was this before or after you put on your overcoat?"

"I'm not sure—after, I think. Yes, it was after, for I remember that I had a deuce of a time unbuckling my coat to get at my trousers pocket."

"You dropped this key into your trousers pocket?"

"I did."

"Mr. Cumberland, let me ask you to fix your memory on the moments you spent in the hall. Did you put on your hat before you pocketed the key or afterward?"

"My hat? How can I tell? My mind wasn't on my hat. I don't know when I put it on."

"Nor where you took it from?"

"No."

"Whether you saw the keys first and then went for your hat or, having pocketed the key, waited—"

"I did not wait."

"Did not stand by the table thinking?"

"No; I was in too much of a hurry."

"So that you went straight out?"

"Yes, as quickly as I could."

The district attorney paused to be sure of the attention of the jury. When he saw that every eye of that now thoroughly aroused body was on him he proceeded to ask: "Does that mean immediately, or as soon as you could after you had made certain preparations or held certain talk with some one you called or who called to you?"

"I called to nobody. I—I went out immediately."

It was evident that he lied; evident, too, that he had little hope from his lie. Unconscious was taking the place of confidence in his youthful, untutored, undisciplined mind. Carnegie had spoken to him in the hall—I guessed it then, I knew it afterward—and he thought to deceive this court and blindfold a jury whose attention had been drawn to this point by his own counsel.

District Attorney Fox smiled. "How, then, did you get into the stable?"

"The stable? Oh, I had no trouble in getting into the stable."

"Was it unlocked?"

A slow flush broke over the prisoner's whole face. He saw where he had been landed and took a minute to pull himself together before he replied: "I had the key to that door too. I got it out of the kitchen."

"You have not spoken of going into the kitchen."

"I have not spoken of coming downstairs."

"You went into the kitchen?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"When I first came down."

"This is not in accordance with your direct testimony. On the contrary, you said that on coming downstairs you went straight to the rack for your overcoat. Stenographer, read what the prisoner said on this topic."

A rustling of leaves, distinctly to be heard in the deathlike silence of the room, was followed by the reading of this reply and answer:

"Yet you cannot say which of these two overcoats you put on when you left your home an hour or so after finishing your dinner?"

"I cannot. I was in no condition to notice. I was bent on going into town, and on coming downstairs I went straight to the rack and pulled on the first things that offered."

The prisoner stood immobile, but with a deepening line gathering on his brow, until the last word fell. Then he said: "I forgot. I went for the key before I put on my overcoat. I wanted to see how the sick horse looked."

"Did you drop this key into your pocket too?"

"No; I carried it into the hall."

"What did you do with it there?"

"I don't know. Put it on the table. I suppose."

"Don't you remember? There were other keys lying on this table. Don't you remember what you did with the

one in your hand while you took the clubhouse key from the midst of Mr. Ranelagh's bunch?"

"I laid it on the table. I must have—there was no other place to put it."

"Laid it down by itself?"

"Yes."

"And took it up when you went out?"

"Of course."

"Carrying it straight to the stable?"

"Naturally."

"What did you do with it when you came out?"

"I left it in the stable door."

"You did? What excuse have you to give for that?"

"None. I was reckless and didn't care for anything—that's all."

"Yet you took several minutes, for all your hurry and your indifference, to get the stable key and look in at a horse that wasn't sick enough to keep your coachman home from a dance."

The prisoner was silent.

"You have no further explanation to give on this subject?"

"No. All fellows who love horses will understand."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CAMELS IN A RAGE.

When Roused These Usually Patient Animals Fight Like Fury.

The usually patient and submissive camel, like the proverbial worm, will sometimes resent an overdose of abuse. Too dense to think of a way in which he can outwit his driver and so take him unawares, when roused to the pitch of fury he rushes at the stout open mouthed, and his formidable teeth and powerful jaws do serious damage.

Of this vindictiveness the camel driver is aware and of the certainty that sooner or later the camel will seek revenge. Accordingly it is customary for the person who fears his malice to throw his clothes before the camel, meanwhile hiding himself until the animal's fury has been expended in tossing and tramping on them, when the injury, real or supposed, is at once forgotten.

The camel will not identify himself with his driver or rider in the smallest way whatever. He steadily declines all advances. His eye never lights up with love or even interest at the approach of his master. Should you attempt to pat or caress him he will object in a very decided manner.

Good treatment or bad makes no difference to the camel. Life and its hard conditions are taken for granted. His view of things is far too serious. He is so absorbed and preoccupied that he has no time to waste in the gambols indulged in by all other young animals.—Harper's Weekly.

A PLEASANT MEETING.

It Is Nice to Find a Friend Who Scatters Sunshine.

"I don't like people who are always coming to me for sympathy."

"They do get tiresome, but I prefer them to the ones who come boasting of their successes and trying to make me dissatisfied with my lot."

"Oh, I don't mind that kind. They never worry me any. I am always so successful myself that I never have cause to envy them. And, speaking of success, I made \$500 last week in a little real estate deal, and my boy has been making a great record in school. He's away ahead of all the other boys of his age, and my wife has a maid now who is the best girl we have ever been able to find—the best one in our neighborhood. In fact, how is your boy doing now? I heard some time ago that he was inclined to be rather wild."

"Please, don't mention him. I'm afraid he is going to bring sorrow upon us. You always were lucky. I guess I'll have to lose the little home I've been paying on during the past eight years, all on the boy's account. My wife has had to quit keeping help, although her health is very poor and—"

"Well, goodbye. I've got to be going. Cheer up. What's the use of being grumpy? Look at me. You'll find, if you try it, that it pays to scatter sunshine."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Story of a Nail Keg.

A hundred years ago Jeremiah Atwater was a leading New Haven merchant, buying his supplies in Boston and receiving them by vessel. Among other goods received were several casks of nails, one of which on opening it under a layer of nails at each end was found to be filled with silver dollars. Mr. Atwater, who was a conscientious man, immediately wrote to the Boston merchant that there must be some mistake in the invoice of nails, as one of the casks contained other articles besides nails. He was promptly informed that the nails were bought for nails, sold for nails and nails they must be. Forthwith Mr. Atwater had a basin made of the silver and presented it to the Center church, where it has been used in the baptismal service from that time to the present.

A King Who Could Change the Wind.

King Ericus of Sweden publicly confessed that he was a sorcerer and magician. He was the owner of an enchanted cap, which he pretended enabled him to control the spirits and change the direction of the winds at pleasure. So firmly did his subjects believe in the supernatural powers of their ruler that when a storm arose they would exclaim, "Ah, the king is again wearing his magic cap!"—London Mail.

Anything to Oblige.

Tourist (at Irish hotel)—You seem tired, Pat. Walter—Yiss, sorr; up very early this morning—half past 6. Tourist—I don't call half past 6 early. Walter (quickly)—Well, half past 6 thin.—London Punch.

Contradictory Admonitions.

Father (having caught his son in a lie)—Haven't I always told you to tell the truth? Son—Yes, father, but you also told me never to become the slave of a habit.—Boston Transcript.

Clever Paris Beggars.

Begging is forbidden on the Paris boulevards. But one day recently a pale, poorly dressed man was seen humbly approaching various pedestrians. He was evidently not used to begging, and as he told his pathetic story without the requisite boldness people passed him by unnoticed. A man dressed in black stepped up to him and showed him a card. He carried a thick stick and wore a heavy mustache and thick boots, which are the outward and visible signs, with a multicolored ribbon in the buttonhole, of a detective in plain clothes.

"Now, then, get out of this or I'll run you in," he said roughly. Then in a lower tone, "Poor chap!" and surely he gave the man some silver.

"People had seen him do it, and, cheering the kind hearted policeman, they, too, gave to the poor beggar. A few minutes afterward in a side street the two men divided the spoils and moved off separately to ply their trade elsewhere. The detective wasn't a detective at all, but a beggar made up for the part.

Finally Lost It.

"I may have lost my golf ball," thought the old man as he crept on all fours round the bush into which it had rolled, "but I will not lose my temper."

So he continued to grovel and grope and to wear a persuasive, patient smile. His knees bagged, his back ached horribly, and the bush bestowed upon his hands a generous quantity of thorns. But he refused to discard his smile and kept on repeating:

"No; I will not lose my temper. I will not."

Suddenly the elusive ball caught his eye. Flopping flat, he stretched his hands toward it, grasped it among its nest of thorns, and gingerly withdrew it.

"Holtz-holtz!" exclaimed an old woman behind him. "You ought to be ashamed, bird nesting at your time of life!"

And then he did lose his temper.—London Answers.

A Fearless Quaker.

Uncle Abe was noted for his ability to turn his clouds inside out and show the silver lining. If any particular cloud was dark through and through he wisely supplied it with the lining from another. His yoke of steers had taken the cash prize on the first day of the fair. On the second some new contestants were entered, and Abe would probably be outclassed. But, as usual, he had made the most of good fortune while it lasted.

"Aren't you quaking in your boots?" a friend asked.

Abe thrust out a foot clad in new tan leather.

"Why, yes," he said; "I am quaking in my boots. But when I got that \$50 yesterday I made sure they should be new boots. It ain't so bad to quake if you can do it in new boots."—Youth's Companion.

Giberti's Famous Doors.

The world renowned doors of the baptistry at Florence represent nearly the entire life-work of Giberti. He began the first pair when he was twenty-three years old, and when he finished the second pair he was seventy-three. Excepting the three statues outside Or San Michele and one or two minor works, these two pairs of bronze doors represent his labors for half a century. These doors, declared by Michelangelo "fit to be the gates of paradise," represent the book of Genesis in all the depth of its meaning, and the skill of the artist has never been overpraised. It is impossible to exaggerate the glory of the work, and if one has the time and money the sight of those wonderful doors is well worth the trip to Florence.—New York American.

Pull or Push?

Is there any such thing as pull? Does the horse pull the cart, or does he simply push on his collar and so draw it along? Would you pull a weight that was fastened to your coat-tails, or in that case would you simply be pushing against your clothes? Do our political officeholders always get their jobs through their own push, or is it usually a matter of pull? This is an interesting problem. Think it over.—New York Globe.

Vary Strong.

"I see," said Slaters, "that our old friend Blinks had a strong article in one of the Boston papers the other day."

"Really?" said Blinks incredulously. "I'd never have believed that of old Bink. What was it?"

"A recipe for pickled onions," said Slaters.—Harper's Weekly.

Long Drawn Out.

Little Elmer had just been given a piece of pie. "Are you going to give me another piece, mamma?" he asked.

"Why do you ask, Elmer?" she queried.

"Cause if you ain't I'll eat this piece real slow," was the reply.—Chicago News.

Unfeeling.

Orator—I anx reg, wot is this life we old so dear? Soon I'll be lyin' with me forefathers. The Voice—An' givin' 'em points at the game tool.—London Tit-Bits.

Dodged the Ruin.

Mr. Clerverton—You saw some old ruins in England, I suppose? Miss Struckett Rich—Yes, and one of them wanted to marry me.—Princeton Tiger.

The Dear Girl.

Maybelle—See the beautiful engagement ring Jack gave me last night. Estelle—Oo! Has that just got around to you?—Toledo Blade.

Her Criticism.

"I wish Fritz would write his figures plainer. I can't possibly tell from his letter whether it is 1,000 or 10,000 klases that he sends me."—Ellegende Blatter.

Industry keeps the body healthy, the mind clear,

Established by Franklin in 1734.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 151
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, July 8, 1911.

Forecast for 1912 are unprofitable and uncertain, but it seems safe to predict that it will not be as profitable a year, whatever else may happen.

It was a glorious Fourth. All nature smiled on the day. Everything went off according to programme, but the fire works and those went off an hour late.

General Bixby, after a thorough examination as could be given, decides that the Maine was blown up from explosion from within. Her three magazines were all exploded which the General says could not have been done from the outside.

It is reported that the heated wave for the past week has been responsible for more than five hundred deaths. Had these people lived in Newport they would not have suffered from the heat. The weather has not been uncomfortably warm in the day time and the nights have been a luxury, plenty cool enough for comfort.

The best country roads in the United States are to be found in Rhode Island. This is the statement made by those high in authority on the subject who have examined the roads in every part of the country. This is admitted praise for the State board of roads which has done good work for the past ten years.

Connecticut expects to raise and market 850,000 baskets of peaches this year. If peaches can be raised as successfully in that state, why not in Massachusetts and Rhode Island? There is little if any difference in climate and soil.—Tantou Gazette.

Guess the Gazette man has not seen the peach orchards in Portsmouth, where the prospects look good for a big crop this year as well as last.

A contemporary notes that flying over the English Channel is becoming so commonplace as to suggest the establishment of a mail service by air line. Flying everywhere is becoming a common thing, and yet the benighted outcasts of Providence, R. I., are still without the satisfaction of having seen any of it.—Providence Journal.

Better come to Newport, the metropolitan city of the State, than you can see flying machines meet any day.

The heavy reductions made in express rates by practically all of the great companies in the country means that the agitation for the parcel post is nearing fruit.

Unfortunately the Express Company in this State has not yet heard of these reductions. We still pay the old exorbitant rate. Would that somebody had the audacity to start an opposition company that would not sell out to the monopoly.

The Initiative and Referendum will not be tried in Massachusetts right away. The necessary two-thirds vote in favor of constitutional amendment failed in the House. This is a wholesome conclusion, proceeding rather too rapidly as it is, and no harm will result from letting this latest device accumulate a little more history in Oklahoma and Oregon before it is adopted in Massachusetts. The representative form of government recommended to us by our forefathers still has much to recommend it, and should not be undermined for light or transient reasons.—Boston Herald.

That is a sensible conclusion for Massachusetts lawmakers to reach. It is time that this determination to do away with the constitutions and laws made by our fathers and under which this nation has grown and prospered as no other nation on the globe, was checked.

There are three Democratic candidates in the field for mayor of Providence this fall. Joseph F. Cole, of Norcross Brothers who made the run last year and was beaten by Mayor Fletcher, is out with the statement that he is in the fight to stay. He accuses the party leaders of trying to sidetrack him, but he does not propose to be disposed of that way. He thinks he is entitled to be the party leader once more, and his hosts of friends think so too. Then ex-mayor P. J. McCarthy says he is the only man of the party that has won out in former days and he is willing to contest Mayor Fletcher's title to the office once more. Alderman Joseph H. Gahner is by no means a silent spectator in the fight. In fact all three will have to be reckoned with in the caucuses this fall.

Congress and the Massachusetts and Connecticut legislatures are still keeping each other company. In spite of hot weather lawmaking and tinkering goes on. Meanwhile the law department of the national government is still grinding out indictments against the citizens of this free republic, and the lawyers which Uncle Sam is employing are getting rich. If one half these whom they are seeking to indict were landed in jail the population of many communities would be greatly reduced. And after all what is accomplished by its wholesale mock raking? Nothing. It is time that it was stopped, and business given a chance to get on its feet once more. These promiscuous prosecutions by the government are the prime cause of the dull times and business stagnation through which we are going.

The Burning Question.

That reform in our monetary system is far more important than any other question—even the question of "reform" of our tariff system through Free-Trade "reciprocity"—is the latest conviction of President Taft, expressed at a meeting of the New York State Bankers' Association, June 22. This is surprising. We had supposed, says the American Economist, that the fate of the universe hung trembling in the balance what time the Free-Trade bargains with Canada remained undecided. If it were not so, why so many speech making expeditions, so many thousands miles traveled in special trains, so many thousands summoned to the White House and button-holed for supporting votes? What has changed the situation? What new and sudden crisis has arisen to convince Mr. Taft that currency reform overshadows all other questions? Is the money situation so exigent as all that? Is the country threatened with financial paralysis and is anybody in immediate danger of bankruptcy because the circulating medium has ceased to circulate and there is a currency famine? The bank statements show no such condition. The vaults are crowded with loanable funds that are not being loaned.

True, business is at a low ebb, mills and factories are running on half time, or on time, production and consumption are far below the normal, and every branch of trade is depressed. But not on account of defects in our currency system. It is the same system under which the country has done business profitably for a good many years. Our currency system seems to have worked all right, except when the big fellows in the financial ring got too gay with other people's money and had to holler for help.

So long as the mills and factories were running full time, and billions of dollars were going out into the country to buy raw materials and billion of dollars were being paid to wage earners and spent in purchases at the stores and shops and markets as fast as they were paid out at the mills and factories; so long as all this was going on there was no fault found with the treasury notes, the national bank notes, the silver notes, or the gold coin that anybody could have for the asking.

No; it is not a defective monetary system that has depressed and continues to depress business. With all due respect to President Taft we insist that reform in our currency is not the big, burning question of the hour. A thousand times bigger and more burning question is that of our tariff system; the question of suppressing the agitation, of reforming the tariff "reformers," and of allowing business to get back to the normal stage of production, consumption, wage paying and wage spending. The first step toward this vitally needed reform would be for Congress to adjourn and go home. Further back, the first and still more important step might well have been to refrain from calling an extra session which could only make trouble and cause incalculable mischief and damage.

Laws, gardens and fields are withering in the annual summer drought which appears to be an established fact in New England. The cause for the unequal distribution of the rainfall is not satisfactorily explained by the climatologists who study natural phenomena, but the remedy appears to be irrigation and fortunately that is possible over a wide extent of our territory when the agricultural interests awake to its necessity and advantages of storing water of brooks and ponds for use in time of need.

"Wisconsin now has a state income tax law. If this additional form of taxation must come owing to official prodigality it seems to be much better for a state to secure the money than the national government. States which have voted to give it to the nation will hardly have the nerve to add a special income tax of their own."

This would seem to be a true way of putting it, and yet there is a strong probability that the general government will soon be collecting an income tax also.

"Seven submarines belonging to the United States have made a run between two Massachusetts ports, remaining under water throughout the seven hours of the passage. This looks like getting down to practical facts, especially in harbor defense. The sentiment is all right but the run was not made from two Massachusetts ports. Newport is still in Rhode Island.

Eight tons of gold plate adorned the king's table on coronation day. This fact can be regarded with a greater equanimity at a time when the most learned writers of the money trust are pointing out that the cause of high prices is the over-supply of gold for coinage.

Here is one of the squibs that was sung by everybody years ago which was a reminder of the Hero of Lake Erie.

The old British lion roared out his last thunder.

When Perry attacked him close on the And with his broadsword he made him

And laid him down to take his last sleep.

The leading bankers of the country approve of the Aldrich banking plans, but they think that his name will hurt it so they are trying to eliminate him from the plan that he has developed. This would seem to be unkind as well as uncalled for.

President Taft urges the parcel post. In this matter he is right. The sooner congress establishes that system the sooner it will break down the express monopoly.

Interesting Book.

The Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co. has this year issued some unusually attractive and interesting literature for guidance and assistance of the vast army of trolley trippers, who find that tips about this section offer a great variety of pleasure and interest.

One folder is devoted purely to information concerning distance, fares, time, what cars to take and where to change in order to reach various points. This also contains a three-color detailed map showing both steam and trolley lines, towns and cities and in fact all points in eastern Massachusetts, southern New Hampshire and Rhode Island. This folder is known as "Trolley Facts."

Another large folder is exceptionally attractive and interesting. This is a descriptive and illustrated folder with various popular tips described and illustrated by artistically arranged half-tone reproductions of photographs. The traveler is also assisted in following routes by small individual maps in two colors. In the interior of the folder is an Aero-View map of the whole territory. This is in four colors and is not only very pretty as a picture of the section but the car lines from point to point are easily followed.

A number of small individual folders suggesting trips of larger cities of the district have also been issued. Trolley literature may be obtained by application to the local offices of this company or by application to the Free Trolley Information Bureau conducted by the Passenger Department of this company at 809 Washington St., Boston.

Advantageous to Democrats.

"It will make no difference what happens in the Senate, the Democrats are bound to go before the voters of the country in a more advantageous position than if there had been no extra session of Congress," said Senator B. F. Shively, of Indiana.—Washington Post.

The advantage to the Democrats comes from the wide open split in the Republican party. The breach is bigger than ever because of the developments of the extra session. Could not Mr. Taft and his advisers foresee that result and that condition? It was as plain as day that irreconcilable mischief would be the product of calling Democrats to an extra session to force through an un-Republican measure. It is said that President Taft prizes himself upon being "no politician." His calling of the extra session entitles him to that distinction.—American Economist.

It took one hundred and sixty oxen to draw the Democratic candidate for U. S. Senator of Mississippi on his return home a few days ago, after a bitter campaign throughout the State. The account says: The ox cart carried Mr. Vardaman to his home. A torch bearer walked beside each ox. A hundred citizens on horseback preceded the vehicle and served as bodyguard. Five brass bands furnished the music. The candidate sat upon a stand built in the cart. He was dressed in white and was the most conspicuous figure in the procession.

This week there has been a general suspension of factories all over New England and many thousands of people have been out of employment. It is estimated that over 100,000 mill people have been idle this week and many of that number will have to remain idle for several weeks more. The mill owners found it necessary to curtail production, and the policy adopted has been very drastic in many cases. The jewelry manufacturers are suffering from the dull times.

It is said that either Gov. Harmon of Ohio or Gov. Wilson of New Jersey will be the New England Democratic choice for Presidential timber next year. That there will be a red hot fight between the friends of these two candidates is reasonably certain. Besides these two there are many other anxious candidates who are willing to serve their country as President.

The mercury reached 107 in the shade at Washington Sunday. Perhaps three or four days in the oven may drive the senate into passing the necessary legislation and going somewhere for cold storage.—Exchange.

Better go at once. All the bills can wait till winter. The less Congress does at this time the better the public will be pleased.

Passage of the wool bill by the House is important only as indicating Democratic policy and determination. Not yet has the House passed a single bill calculated to revive any business, start up any industry, or encourage any enterprise.—Pittsburg Gazette Times.

It does not look as though it intended to do anything except play to the galleries.

If the entire Illinois legislature is summoned to Washington in order to testify in the Lorimer case, will any further light be shed upon the incident? It is already the best advertised show in the country, says an exchange.

Kansas having led the way toward public health in swatting the fly and abolishing the public drinking cup is now going after the public towel. In Kansas, so long, nobody will die without their towels on, says an Exchange.

"Champ Clark has written to the Democratic editors in his district that he is not running away from a presidential nomination. How can he, if one is not pursuing him?" Perhaps he is waiting for the pursuit to begin.

In the event that President Taft shall not be re-elected he intimates that he will settle in Cincinnati. Is this a casual observation or an appeal for help? asks an Exchange; not from Ohio.

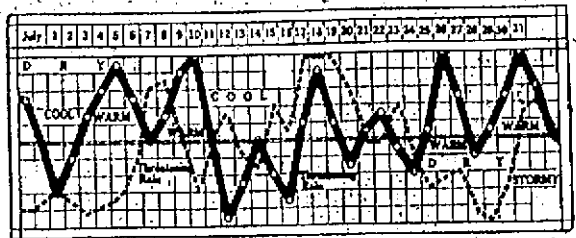
Within two months the new levathans, Florida and Utah, will be added to the navy, and there is no better way to strengthen the prospects of peace. This comes from a far western paper.

The sugar hearing, the steel hearing and the magazine hearing indicate that Uncle Sam is getting the trusts by the ears.

We should say rather that the Government was making food for lawyers.

Honest Tea
is the best policy
LIPTON'S TEA
OVER 2 MILLION PACKAGES SOLD WEEKLY

WEATHER BULLETIN.



In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rain fall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecast. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it because weather features move from west to east.

July will average cooler than usual. The drought will be broken and good crops may be expected in many parts of the country. July will be a much better crop weather month than May and June were as an average.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecast. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it because weather features move from west to east.

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Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent July 12 to 18. Temperatures of this disturbance will average lower than usual while frequent and some of them severe. This will be the low temperature storm of the month and after it has gone by, the tendency will be toward higher temperatures.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about July 15, cross Pacific slope by close of 10, great central valleys 17 to 19, eastern regions 20. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about July 16, great central valleys 17, eastern regions 19. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about July 18, great central valleys 20, eastern regions 22.

This mid-month disturbance will be of importance in several ways. It will inaugurate a series of high temperature disturbances that will end with conditions that usually threaten drought. It will cause numerous showers in front of the storm center, probably the best rains of the month. It will cause a great rise in temperatures from near July 13 to July 18. It will cause some of the most severe storms of the month and it will be the turning point of the summer's crop weather.

This disturbance, with the frequent showers and good rains during the preceding three or four weeks, will have placed the crops, particularly corn in good condition as compared with June 22 and the corn crop will be in fair condition up to the end of July.

There are an immense number of

BURGLAR KEPT BUSY

Well Educated Man Preparing in Career of Crime

New York, July 7.—Satisfied that they had the man who has been robbing houses on the Heights, Brooklyn, the police arrested at his home Carl M. Meyer, who said he was formerly a lieutenant in the Norwegian army.

Twenty-five pawn tickets, aggregating \$5000, were found in his apartment. The police said he was responsible for the theft of jewelry, silverware and apparel valued at about \$15,000. At police headquarters he broke down and confessed. He said his thefts began in April, and figured that in all he had committed eighteen burglaries.

Prior to starting in the burglary business, Meyer said, he had been employed by Manhattan brokers, and later in the foreign department of the Adams Express company. The prisoner was a graduate of the University of Heidelberg, he said, and of the Norway Medical college, and a master of five languages. He added that his father was the head of several banking houses.

THE LEAS QUIT HOSPITAL

Senator and His Wife on the Road to Complete Recovery

Washington, July 6.—Senator and Mrs. Luke Lea of Tennessee, who have been patients at a local hospital several weeks past, had so far recovered yesterday afternoon that they were able to leave the city for a nearby mountain resort.

Senator Lea, weakened by the transfusion of blood to save the life of his wife, is rapidly regaining strength, and expects soon to resume his active duties.

Suicide of Naval Officer

Washington, July 5.—Lieutenant Thomas L. Osburn of the United States navy committed suicide on board the gunboat Tacoma at the New York navy yard by shooting.

Hoke Smith Again Governor
Atlanta, July 3.—Hoke Smith was inaugurated governor of Georgia for the second time in his life.

Lightning Ruins Cathedral
Frederickton, N. B., July 5.—During an electrical storm the Church of England cathedral was struck by lightning and destroyed by the fire which followed. The loss is \$140,000.

STORMY LIFE COMES TO END

Death of Dowager Queen Maria Pia of Portugal

RULED WITH A HIGH HAND

Became Wife of Monarch at Age of Fifteen and Was Destined to See Brother, Son and Grandson Slain and Manuel Exiled—Woman Blamed for Portugal's Troubles Dies a Fugitive in Her Native Land

Turin, Italy, July 6.—Maria Pia, queen dowager of Portugal, died at the royal chateau at Stopping yesterday afternoon. She had suffered from uraemia. Recently she had been living in Italy with her sister, Princess Clotilde, widow of Prince Napoleon. The death of the princess several days ago left the sister prostrate.

Dowager Queen Maria Pia, the grandmother of Manuel, former king of Portugal, was the daughter of the great King Victor Emmanuel, and was surrounded in Italy, the land of her birth, by an aureole of romanticism and popularity.

To begin with, she was born at a time which, although only sixty-four years ago, seems already ancient history. It was in 1817. Plus IX had only been pope one year and was arousing in Italy and abroad the enthusiasm of all Liberals, as he had put himself, at the head of the revolutionary movement in Italy and had sent his troops to fight Austria side by side with the Piedmontese soldiers of the house of Savoy.

Victor Emmanuel II had not yet conceived the idea of being himself one day the ruler of united Italy, his grandest ambition then being that of freeing Italy from all foreign domination, so when his daughter was born on Oct. 16, he asked the supreme pontiff to be her godfather. The pope accepted with pleasure, wishing to add a new link to the ties which should united the kingdom of Sardinia to the papacy, and he insisted that his own name in the fontaine form, Pia, should be given to the child.

Victor Emmanuel was already king of Italy when in 1862, when she was not quite 15 years old, the same princess, fairytale and gay, was married to King Louis of Portugal. After that time she returned to Italy whenever a great event, sad or happy, united her family. In 1903 she came for the marriage of her elder brother, the late King Humbert, to the then Princess Margherita. Ten years later, disregarding the papal prohibition of Catholic sovereigns being the guests of the Quirinal, she came again to nurse her father in his dying moments. Another visit, she imagined, was the saddest event which could happen in her life, as she came after the murder of her brother, Humbert, at Monza on July 29, 1900.

However, only eight years after, she was to see herself deprived of her son and grandson in a still more brutal manner, and then she, together with her husband's family, was a fugitive from the land of her adoration.

Queen Pia was the only one of the late King Victor Emmanuel's children who inherited his inconceivable recklessness and extravagance in money matters.

She played a very great role in Portugal during the forty-eight years that elapsed since she went to Lisbon, at the age of 15, as queen consort and wife of a monarch whom she had never seen in her life before, having wedded by proxy to him before leaving Italy. Her husband, King Louis, was easygoing, apathetic, never having entirely recovered from the effects of an attempt made to poison him some months prior to his accession, and was content to leave the reins of government almost wholly in her hands.

Quite as masterful and imperious in her way as her father, she ruled Portugal with a high hand, brooking no opposition, and even after her son's, the late Don Carlos, accession, managed to retain much of her influence, especially that of a social character.

Whether she used this power wisely or not is a matter on which great diversity of opinion exists, and there are many who insist that the economic difficulties which are at the root of all the trouble in Portugal are largely owing to her. Queen Pia was an excellent wife and a devoted mother, whose two failings were those which she inherited from her father—namely, impulsiveness and extravagance.

Kivel Stays on License Board
Concord, N. H., July 6.—John Kivel of Dover was reappointed as a member of the state license commission by Governor Bass last night, and the appointment was confirmed by the council.

NEW STATE AUDITOR

White Chosen to Fill Bay State Vacancy Caused by Death

Boston, July 7.—Senator John E. White of Tisbury was elected state auditor by the legislature yesterday afternoon, defeating Representative Lincoln Breckenridge of North Adams, the Democratic nominee, by a vote of 132 to 105.

The caucuses were short and harmonious. In the Republican caucus the names of three candidates were presented. White succeeds the late Auditor Turner, who died last week.

Deaths.

In this city, July 1st, Julia E., widow of Jeffrey Gardiner.
In this city, July 4, Mary Grant, aged 89 years.
In this city, July 5th, Charles W. Dyer, in his 77th year.
In this city, July 5th, at his residence, Easton, Stephen H. Sullivan.
In Middletown, 6th inst., Raymond E., son of Daniel M. and the late California Chase, aged 29 years.
In New York City, 3d inst., Anna, wife of Louis H. Heger.
In Easton, Pa., on July 5, W. Irving Kelly, son of the late William M. Kelly, formerly of this city. Aged 52 years.

Weekly Almanac.

JULY 1911		STANDARD TIME	
		Sun	Moon
8 Sat	4 15 7 23	1 34	5 32
9 Sun	4 16 7 24	2 12	6 20
10 Mon	4 16 7 25	2 53	7 02
11 Tues	4 17 7 26	3 34	7 43
12 Wed	4 18 7 27	4 15	8 25
13 Thurs	4 19 7 28	5 00	9 07
14 Fri	4 19 7 29	5 50	9 55

First Quarter, 3d day, 4h 20m., morning
Full Moon, 11th day, 7h 35m., morning
Last Quarter, 19th day, 6h 15m., morning
New Moon, 28th day, 5h 15m., evening

HILLES NAMED AS THE CULPRIT

Said to Be Engineering an Anti-Progressive Plot

CANDIDACY OF LA FOLLETTE

Norris of Nebraska Says It Is Being Halted by President's Private Secretary—Taft Finds Himself Between Two Fires in Settling Political Conflict—Must Choose Between Hilles and Hitchcock

Washington, July 7.—Sensational charges to the effect that C. D. Hilles, private secretary to President Taft, is conducting a political news bureau for the purpose of hampering the presidential candidacy of Senator La Follette, and also to the effect that there is a newspaper conspiracy against progressive Republicans, are made in an open letter by Representative Norris of Nebraska.

Mr. Norris' letter was in answer to telegrams from the Nebraska progressives desiring their repudiation of Frank A. Shotwell, who they said, had represented himself as an agent of the league, and, as such, had given out several statements favoring the renomination of President Taft. Norris charged that the progressives had been wronged by a "conspiracy of great newspapers" in suppressing news relating to the progressive movement. After referring to a series of articles printed, Norris' letter concluded:

"These various articles have earmarks that strongly indicate that they originated in the White House. I do not think that the president himself wrote them, or dictated them, and I do not know that he had knowledge of them, but it is generally understood that the information came from his private secretary, and almost without exception, these objectionable articles contain items of information that must necessarily have come from someone closely connected with the White House.

"I am reluctantly led to believe that the president's private secretary is the head of a political news bureau that is making a determined effort to suppress any sentiment in favor of the candidacy of Senator La Follette and to do this by the suppression of truth and the publication of ungrounded and false reports.

A factional controversy over the selection of a Republican state chairman for Alabama boiled to the surface at the White House yesterday and put President Taft in the predicament of choosing between Postmaster General Hitchcock and Secretary Hilles as political adviser to the administration.

Mr. Hitchcock resigned as chairman of the Republican National committee before he entered the president's cabinet, but his connection with the appointment of postmasters has necessarily kept him in touch with political conditions, especially in the south. Hilles has interested himself in political conditions the country over. A possible clash between Hitchcock and Hilles had been predicted, but it was not looked for at this time.

The Alabama row started several months ago. P. D. Barker, Republican national committeeman and postmaster at Mobile, is backing Peter M. Long for state chairman, with the knowledge of Hitchcock. Hilles and Booker T. Washington, the negro educator, are understood to be backing J. O. Thompson, collector of internal revenue.

Alabamaans, including many of the most prominent federal office-holders in the state, declared to President Taft yesterday that a majority of the Republican state committee is for Barker and asked that Alabama Republicans be allowed to settle their row themselves.

The president did not commit himself. He is in an embarrassing position, however, since an endorsement of Barker might be regarded as a turnaround for Hilles and an endorsement for Thompson might look like a slap at the postmaster general.

EIGHTY-SIX DAYS IN CATALEPTIC SLEEP

Springfield Woman Very Weak After She Awakens

Springfield, Mass., July 3.—Mrs. Francis Trudeau is rapidly recovering from her remarkable sleep of eighty-six days, though she is still weak from lack of any liquid nourishment. Her awakening has created as much public interest as had her long period of unconsciousness.

For twenty-six days she slept continuously, never moving a muscle. Then she opened her eyes, only to again lapse into a coma. Meanwhile her pulse quickened until it reached 146. Her limbs became rigid and she appeared to have lost all control of her muscles.

After three weeks in this state her condition gradually improved. Her pulse dropped back to 126 and then she awoke. The first night she recognized her husband, although she was unable to speak. Two days more elapsed before she was able to speak a word, though she appeared to understand all questions addressed to her.

RODNEY J. DIEGEL

Sergeant-at-Arms of Ohio Senate Convicted by Jury



DIEGEL IS CONVICTED

Sergeant-at-Arms of Ohio Senate Found Guilty of Bribery

Columbus, O., July 5.—The jury in the case of Rodney J. Diegel, sergeant-at-arms of the state senate, who has been on trial charged with aiding and abetting in the alleged bribery of State Senator Andrews, returned a verdict of guilty. The jury had been out three days, establishing a record in this country.

The specific charge against Diegel was that he aided and abetted in the solicitation of a bribe of \$200 offered Andrews in connection with the Centone-Willemore Mutual Fire Insurance bill.

HEAT WAVE PASSES FROM NEW ENGLAND

Fifty-One More Fatalities Reported in Greater Boston

Boston, July 7.—Wilded Boston, whose congested districts were fast approaching the point of desperation, after suffering five days under the highest temperature the city has known, was deluged last night by a cool and welcome rain. In one hour the temperature dropped twenty-three degrees as the rain storm swept over the city.

The deaths and prostrations in Greater Boston continued yesterday. Fifty-one people were killed in Greater Boston and thirty-three in New England, outside of the city, many of them dropping in their tracks, to be taken to hospitals.

Hundreds were prostrated. Almost all the big department stores either shut down altogether during the early afternoon or allowed all their staff with the exception of a few to go home.

FAILURE OF COAL STRIKE

Eighteen Lives Lost During Struggle of Sixteen Months' Duration

Pittsburg, July 7.—The miners' locals throughout the Irwin-Greensburg coal fields in Westmoreland county held meetings to vote on ending the strike that has been on for sixteen months.

In every instance the miners voted to give up the struggle, as the international executive board of the United Mine Workers in session at Indianapolis voted to discontinue paying strike benefits.

The board further directs President Feehan of the Pittsburg district to call the strike leaders together and to terminate the strike without recognition or concessions.

Eighteen lives have been lost in the strike and more than \$1,000,000 has been spent, besides large donations from sympathizers.

LIGHTWEIGHT PEAS

Combined Weight of Indiana Twins Is Less Than Three Pounds

Lawrenceburg, Ind., July 3.—Twins, boys, have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Grant T. Peas.

Together the infants weigh less than three pounds, and, though they are so small they can hardly be seen to their bed, they are thriving.

If it were not for their cooling and occasional cries one could hardly tell they are really babies.

STIMSON OFF FOR PANAMA

New York, July 7.—For the purpose of inspecting the work on the Panama canal, Secretary of War Stimson sailed on the Santa Marta for Colon.

AEROPLANE OVERTURNS

Aviator Witmer Has Unexpected Tumble of Seventy-Five Feet

Pittsfield, Mass., July 5.—The first attempt to have aeroplanes flights in this city ended unsuccessfully and resulted in injuries to Charles Witmer, who fell seventy-five feet.

Witmer's injuries are serious, but not bad as was at first supposed. Witmer's machine was caught in cross currents of air, which caused it to overturn.

TROOPS ROUT DUTCH RIOTERS

Amsterdam, July 7.—There was hot fighting in the harbor district here between rioters and the police and troops. The strikers stoned the police and the troops replied with their rifles.

GIRLS ASKED FOR \$25,000

Stokes Says They Told Him Refusal Meant Death

TELLS HIS STORY IN COURT

Called at Apartments of Misses Graham and Conrad to Get Letters He Had Written Many Years Ago—Admits Having Given Them Money—Defendants Appear Mirthful as Millionaire Gives His Testimony

New York, July 7.—W. E. D. Stokes, millionaire hotel owner and heretic, who was shot and seriously injured some weeks ago by Lillian Graham and Ethel Conrad, took the witness stand before Magistrate Prescott in the Tombs court and told the story of how he was lured to their apartments and then threatened with death, unless he would give them a check for \$25,000.

Stokes declared that after he got into their apartment the girls told him that they had three men hidden behind a wall, and then intimated that he would never get out of the room alive, and that as he had come in shyly no one would ever know what had become of him.

The much debated question of the existence of the letters was settled by Stokes. He declared that on the afternoon he was shot he called at the apartment of the Graham and Conrad girls to get eighteen letters which he had written to Miss Graham many years ago.

Stokes also told of giving money to both girls, and said that those sums and \$200 for steamship tickets had been given on condition that the eighteen letters were returned to him.

Stokes testified that Miss Graham said: "There is one thing you can do. You can sign a check for \$25,000."

"I said: 'Young woman, do you know what this means? This is plain blackmail and a state prison offense.'"

"To that Miss Conrad said: 'It's death or \$25,000.' I replied: 'If it's death or one cent I choose death.'"

Stokes declared that the shooting immediately followed. He described at some length the assault by three Japanese in the hall after the girls had pummeled him. He said the Japs seemed to jump on him from every side and were all beating him at once.

While Stokes was telling his story the girls, who admit they shot him, but claim a very different motive from that advanced by the millionaire, sat smiling at the counsel table. They often whispered to their attorneys, and at times seemed almost on the point of bursting with mirth. The two defendants were dressed very much alike. Both wore blue suits, and judging from their facial decorations, might have been ready to step out behind the footlights.

Stokes told his story with great care to the most minute detail. He was energetic and nervous throughout the recital, and at times became melodramatic.

DESERTS THE GROOM

Lady Constance Fails to Appear at Church to Marry Hawkins

London, July 5.—Lady Constance Foljambe, a half-sister of the Earl of Liverpool, controller of the king's household, astonished society by failing to appear at a fashionable church in London at the time appointed for her marriage to Rev. H. G. K. Hawkins.

The edifice was filled with society people who waited an hour, wondering what had occurred to delay the ceremony.

The Earl of Liverpool stated that he had received from Lady Constance a message to the effect that she had simply changed her mind and decided that she did not wish to be married.

NOBEL'S HOME BURNED

Son and Daughter of Russian Oil Magnate Perish in Flames

Viborg, Finland, July 6.—The palatial country house here of Ludwig Nobel, the multi-millionaire oil magnate of St. Petersburg, was destroyed by fire.

Nobel's son and daughter, aged 7 and 5 respectively, were burned to death. Their governess made heroic efforts to save her charges, and on falling went raving mad and attempted to commit suicide.

CHOLERA IN EMPIRE STATE

Auburn, N. Y., July 3.—Tommaso Biazzi, aged 17, who came over on the Duca degli Abruzzi and who managed to evade the immigration officials, died here of cholera.

AUTO GOES 116 MILES IN AN HOUR

London, July 3.—A world's record for automobiles was created at Saltburn-by-the-Sea by P. Bordino, the Italian driver, who covered 116.13 miles in one hour.

BANK TELLER GOES TO PRISON

Cleveland, July 3.—Julius W. Hopkins, former teller of the First National bank, was sentenced to seven years in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth. Hopkins pleaded guilty to embezzling from the funds of the bank.

PACKERS PLEAD NOT GUILTY

Chicago, July 6.—Through counsel the Chicago packers indicted for violation of the Sherman anti-trust law pleaded not guilty. Their trial is set for Nov. 20.

HENRY FREED HIS MIND

Reed and Hammond Called "Proud and Over-Opulent Ambassadors"

Washington, July 6.—Taking as his text international marriages and the glitter of American diplomacy, Representative Henry of Texas, chairman of the house committee on rules, paid his respects in sharp terms in the house to American peeresses abroad and to "dollar diplomacy."

Declaring that the diplomacy of today has reached such a stage that American ambassadors and ministers abroad are compelled to spend many times their salaries in order to maintain a respectable appearance at foreign courts, Henry reviewed the simplicity of the brilliant diplomatic history of other days.

Mr. Henry characterized John H. Hammond and Whitehall Reed as "two proud and over-opulent ambassadors," and deplored the vulgar display of wealth at the coronation exercises in London.

CAR BUMPS INTO AUTO

Three of Its Occupants Are Killed and Two Badly Hurt

Warwick, R. I., July 5.—His view cut off by dense bushes growing on both sides of the crossing, Gustav Menzel drove his automobile directly in front of an open trolley car moving at the rate of forty miles an hour, and as a result three of the occupants of the automobile are dead and Menzel and the fifth occupant are badly injured.

The dead are Mrs. Eva Hartley, 50 years old, of Providence; Millie J. Hartley, 18, Mrs. Hartley's daughter; Mrs. Ella M. Bidwell, 26, of Providence.

The injured are Gustav Menzel of Riverside, 49 years old, and Raymond Hartley, 10-year-old son of Mrs. Hartley.

BODY ROLLS FROM COFFIN TO STREET

Angry Mourners Start to Mob a Boston Undertaker

Boston, July 6.—Exhausted by the heat, five men who were lifting the coffin in which was the body of Tommaso Gallo from a hearse in front of the Church of the Sacred Heart, North End, allowed the burden to slip from their hands. It crashed to the pavement, broke open, and the shrouded body rolled into the street.

Mourners poured out of the carriages upon the sidewalk and threatened to mob the undertaker. He was hustled away, and the body was taken into the church, where a requiem mass was said.

When the body rolled out into the street women shrieked and hid their faces, tore their hair and became hysterical, while the men started for the undertaker.

The body was put back into the coffin, which was nailed up, and after the mass was taken to St. Michael's cemetery for interment.

FLIGHT OF 250 MILES

Atwood Completes Third Leg of Trip From Boston to Washington

Atlantic City, N. J., July 6.—A thrill was given thousands of holiday visitors yesterday afternoon when Harry N. Atwood, the Boston aviator, after fighting heavy winds throughout his flight from New York, terminated the third leg of his proposed journey from Boston to Washington by landing in his biplane on the beach front.

During the flight Atwood made three landings for gasoline, one near Asbury Park, the second at Tuckertown, N. J., and the third at Venice Park, near this city.

Atwood said that judging from the amount of gasoline he had used he must have traveled 250 miles. He was in the air more than five hours. The distance along the coast is about 116 miles.

SINKING OF THE MAINE

Naval Officers Think It Was Caused by Torpedo or Mine

Washington, July 7.—A board of naval officers, experts in explosives, is being selected by the navy department to study the hull of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor as the water is pumped from the cofferdam now surrounding the wreck.

The navy department officers are convinced that the examination will prove the accuracy of the findings of the Sampson board, namely, that the destructive explosive which sank the Maine was caused by a torpedo or mine, and that the explosion of the ship's magazines followed.

TURNED DOWN NOBLEMEN

Chicago's \$200,000 Widow Is Not Looking For Foreign Title

Chicago, July 7.—Mrs. Ella W. Dean, Chicago's \$200,000 widow, who wrested that sum out of her late husband's estate, returned to Chicago after a trip abroad, during which Russian, German, French and English coronas were thrown at her feet, the purchase price being the powerful American dollar.

But she would have none of it, she declared at her home. She stated, metaphorically speaking, that she kicked the tarnished crownlets out of her path and returned to Chicago unmarried, but with a lot of newly accumulated views of nobility of Europe.

PROMPT SERVICE.

WHETHER you go to the bank yourself or send a messenger, prompt service is important. This bank is equipped with every convenience for rendering quick service, thereby saving the time of our patrons and their employees. Open a checking account with this bank and receive the benefits of a thorough system and unexcelled facilities.

INTEREST PAID ON CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

Newport Trust Company

303 Thames St.

Capital \$300,000.00

Angus McLeod, President,
Thomas P. Peckham, Vice President,
Edward A. Sherman, Treasurer.

Going Out of Business.

SCHREIER'S,

143 Thames Street

Stock and Fixtures For Sale.

EVERYTHING IN THE LINE AT A BARGAIN
As we intend to sell out the entire stock at a sacrifice.

NOTICE.

Having received assurances of the hearty support and cheerful co-operation of my patrons in the half holiday movement, I will close my store at 12 o'clock every THURSDAY during the summer beginning June 1st.

S. S. THOMPSON,

172-176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

USE Diamond Hill BIRD Poultry Grit, FREE FROM DUST, White and Clean, INSURES Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY
Newport Compressed Brick Co.
Newport, R. I.

Patience—I see England has 28 railway tunnels of a mile or more in length. Patience—Geel Think of 28 kisses each a mile long!

A Full Line of all the NEW Improved Varieties OF VEGETABLE SEEDS FOR SALE BY Fernando Barker.

R. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST
—AND—
Dispensing Optician,
Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.
Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal, if the time have attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Optical prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.
1-27 8:30 a. m.—8:30 p. m.

WANTED

SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper, to hire or manage successful country hotel. W. G. PECKHAM, Westfield, N. J.

Used Another Man's Legs.

In the hall of the house of representatives there is a pair of legs of George Washington. He looks a most commanding person, with the stature of a giant and a faultless physique. But looking at the portrait recently a public man commented:

"That is a good deal of a sham. George Washington never looked like that, though I've no doubt he would have been proud to appear so magnificent."

"Notice the legs," the speaker continued. "They are perfect beauties, but they are not Washington's. They are the legs of General Smith of New Jersey, a soldier of the Revolution."

"It happened this way," he explained in conclusion: "Washington had quite unimpressive legs, and the artist who painted that picture was so dissatisfied with their shape that he persuaded General Smith to lend his faultless members as models. So, while we have the face and torso of our great first president, the supporting legs are those of one of his generals. Long may they stand!"—Washington Post.

Not the Answer He Expected.

One of Lord Desborough's best anecdotes relates to a clergyman who was far more at home in the hunting field than in the pulpit, says London Tit-Bits. On the morning of a meet he was much annoyed at having to officiate at a funeral; but, this over, he mounted his horse and started in pursuit of his friends. On the road he sought information of an old woman with a donkey cart:

"Well," she said, "if you ride to the top of the hill you will come to a minister." Then if you turn to the right you will be likely to come up with them.

Handing her a shilling, he said, "My good woman, why did you call the sign post a minister?"

"Why, you see, sir, it's like this: We used to call 'em sign posts, but since you've been in these parts we call 'em ministers, 'cos, though they point out folks the way, they never goes themselves. Go on, Noddy!"

Death in Factory Fires.

The question is often debated as to whether persons who lose their lives in a fire developing with great rapidity undergo extreme physical suffering. An authoritative opinion is expressed by the New York Medical Journal, which says: "Unnecessary anguish of mind has probably been felt by relatives of unfortunate workers killed in factory fires by reflection on the supposedly agonizing pain caused by such a death. Where a great bulk of highly inflammable substances is quickly consumed in a closed space the result is the production of large quantities of carbon monoxide. This gas, it is well known, combines with the haemoglobin of the blood to form a compound that refuses to combine with oxygen. The result is a speedy and probably painless asphyxiation before the flames have had a chance to attack the bodies of the victims."

Dainty Snails.

The writer who qualified the snail as "foul and unclean" was guilty of a libel. Snails are most dainty feeders and strict vegetarians, as many gardeners know to their cost. Apparently three centuries ago snails were more popular in England than they are now. The fastidious author of "The Faerie Queene" gives a recipe for their preparation:

With our sharp weapons we shall thee slay
And take the castle that thou liest in;
We shall thee flay out of thy foule skin,
And in a dish, with onions and pepper,
We shall thee dresse with strong vinegars.

—London Standard.

How Gold Leaf Kills.

The Chinese consul at San Francisco disengaged at a dinner his country's customs.

"There is one custom," said a young girl, "that I can't understand, and that is the Chinese custom of committing suicide by eating gold leaf. I can't understand how gold can kill."

"The partaker, no doubt," smiled the consul, "succumbs from a consciousness of inward guilt."—Los Angeles Times.

Manuscript Letters Rare.

Manuscripts and holograph letters from living literary celebrities should be hoarded with great care by their recipients. The prospect is that they will grow increasingly rare. Autograph signatures are probably all that the next generation will be able to bid for in the auction rooms and add to its collections.—New York Tribune.

Disinterested Advice.

"I have told my constituents that I regarded myself as a servant of the people," said Senator Sorghum.

"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "but you want to keep people from getting an idea that you're one of these servants who are always on the lookout for tips."—Washington Star.

A Weather Prophet.

"Now, Mrs. Brown, I have plained up your new almanac."

"Oh, thank 'ee, miss, thank 'ee, but my corns tell me the weather far better than any of these almanacs!"—London Opinion.

In the Barnyard.

"Look how queerly that hen is acting. Do you think she is hatching a plot?"

"No; I think she is plotting a hatch."—Baltimore American.

Wasted Humor.

"It seems to lack the sense of humor."

"Why do you think so?"

"I pulled his chair away when he was about to sit down, and he treated me as if I had been totally unworthy of respect."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

O'Connell's Wonderful Oratory.

Daniel O'Connell, the Irish orator, spoke in Covent Garden, London, many years ago, and John Coleman, an old English actor, pictured him as follows: "The audience hung spellbound on the words of the great orator. His resonant and magnificent voice, flavored with his rich Irish accent, held both soul and sense captive. As for me, my Celtic blood took fire, my heart throbbed with passionate indignation or melted into tears as he dwelt upon the wrongs of my beloved country. Never, surely, was such a born orator! Stern men cried one moment and laughed the next. Strange to say, they never laughed in the wrong place, though once at least he afforded them a unique opportunity. As he approached the end of his oration, carried away by his theme, he took his wig off and bowed 'jazzy' put it in his hat and mopped his beautiful bald brow with a great gaudy crimson bandanna. The action appeared so natural and appropriate that no one seemed to think it absurd or even incongruous."

Couldn't Hurt His Brain.

Strickland W. Gillman says that Sam Jones and "Sunshine Hayks" of Baltimore, the revivalists, were invited to the home of a good brother and sister in the church. At the dinner table it transpired that the sister had had a sinister purpose in issuing the invitation, for she said: "Mr. Jones, I wish you'd tell my husband that smoking is injurious to him. I know it is, but he won't believe it. I wish you'd tell him, and it might have some influence over him."

"No, sister," said Jones, who was himself an inveterate smoker, "I can't tell him that. Smoking injures only the human brain. And he hasn't any brain to injure, or he wouldn't have married you. Now, sister, I came here to eat—that is what I was invited for—not to lecture. So if you'll carve that turkey, give me a piece of the white meat and I'll have a leg we'll be all right." And that husband's gratitude lives yet.

Defining a Boundary Line.

In 1847 Rufus Choate appeared in behalf of parties whose rights were affected by the boundary line between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, thus described in the agreement:

"Beginning, etc., thence to an angle on the easterly side of Watuppa pond, thence across said pond to the two rocks on the westerly side of said pond and near thereto, thence westerly to the buttwood tree in the village of Fall River."

In his argument, commenting on the boundary, Mr. Choate thus referred to this part of the description: "A boundary line between two sovereign states described by a couple of stones near a pond and a buttwood sapling in a village! The commissioners might as well have defined it as starting from a blue Jay, thence to a swarm of bees in hiving time and thence to 600 foxes with frebrands tied to their tails."—Minneapolis Journal.

When Parasols Began.

Parasols when they first came into use must have been cumbersome. Henri Estienne, writing in 1578, speaks of a parasol as capable generally of sheltering four persons from the sun. And when they diminished in circumference the material still remained of the heaviest. Red velvet parasols, with heavy gold fringes, were carried by ladies of fashion in the days of Louis XIV. At that time it was possible when crossing a bridge in Paris to hire a parasol at one end and deposit it at the other, the charge for the accommodation being a sou. Under the regency fashion went to the other extreme. Men's parasols folded into the shape of a three-cornered hat and could thus be carried elegantly under the arm. Ladies' parasols were hinged, so that they could slip into the pocket, for ladies had pockets then.—London Spectator.

Longest Indian Word.

The longest Indian word on record is the following, that was printed in an Indian Bible in 1661:

Wutappetitokussunnoobwehtunk quob.

It signifies "kneeling down to him." When the Rev. Cotton Mather, print five Boston's Puritan pastor, first saw this consolidated phrase it prompted him to jestingly observe that the words of the language must have been growing ever since the dispersion at Babel.—New York Telegram.

Proved Himself Great.

With a sigh she laid down the magazine article upon Daniel O'Connell "The day of great men," she said, "is gone forever!"

"But the day of beautiful women is not," he responded.

She smiled and blushed. "I was only joking," she explained hurriedly.—Western Christian Advocate.

Too Late.

A good many men discover when too late that they made a great mistake in life by not remaining at school a year or two longer than they did.—Rochester Herald.

His Mistake.

"What cured him of flirting?"

"He started a flirtation with a lady who turned out to be selling an encyclopedia at \$200 a set."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It Would Answer.

Rose—I painted this picture to keep the wolf from the door. Fleming—If the wolf is anything of an art critic it will do it.—Smart Set.

Not Carrying It.

An Irishman met with an accident, but was only away from work two days. "Why didn't you stay home for a week?" a friend asked him. "You were carrying an insurance policy, weren't you?"

"I was not," said the Irishman. "The day of the accident I left it home in the bureau drawer."

A Biblical Mathematician.

An interesting problem in mathematics assumes the form of a tradition connecting itself with the name of Josephus, the Jewish historian. After the Romans had captured Ptolemais, so the story runs, Josephus and forty others sought shelter in a cave. So afraid were they of falling into the hands of the Romans that all of them excepting Josephus and one other man resolved to kill themselves. The wit of the historian began to work, devising a scheme to save himself and this other man who was like minded with himself. He therefore proposed that they all stand in a semicircle, that they put each other to death, killing every third man in regular order and that the last surviving man should then commit suicide. This agreed upon, they were careful to place his like minded comrade in the sixteenth place in the line and himself in place thirty-one, with the result that the two were the last that were left and by this means escaped death. It is a true problem, and the question was to know before the killing began which numbers in line the two friends should assume.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His More Important Duty.

The error into which King Alfred fell in that famous instance when he let the cakes left in his care burn is not going to be repeated by the telegraph operator of whom Arthur W. North tells in "Camp and Camino in Lower California."

I learned at this point that for the first 500 miles before me I would require more change than I had on hand and would pass through no place where checks could be cashed. Moreover, my drafts were used up. In this dilemma I wired for money. After four days of exasperating delays I received this satisfying message from the obliging operator of the wireless office:

"Operator on other coast say he have two messages for some one, but his bread is oven—wife she away—and might burn if he leave it long. After lunch he transmit message."

Where Is the Chinaman?

Sir Robert Ball told the story of a Chinaman who entered the bridge over Niagara falls. He started from the American side with the idea of crossing to Canada. On arriving at the Canadian end, however, he was met with the information that there was a toll of £10 on all Chinamen coming into Canada; John hadn't 10 cents in his pocket. So he started back again. Arriving once more at the American side, he was stopped. No Chinaman in any circumstances, they told him, was allowed to enter the United States. Now, the problem that Sir Robert Ball professes himself unable to answer is, Where is that Chinaman now? Is he still on the bridge? If not, by what process of circumnavigation were the laws of two great nations circumvented?—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wise or Innocent?

He met her one night at a reception and asked her to go to the theater with him. She accepted, and, as they liked each other, they went again later. Then it got to be a weekly occurrence. Finally he got to thinking that he was sold enough with her to go out between the acts, and so he did. For several weeks he worked this and met with no rebuff. But she was thinking a lot, even though she wasn't saying anything.

One evening she said, "Why don't you go to the smoking room to smoke instead of going to the lobby?"

"Is there a smoking room inside?" he asked.

"Of course. You always say that you are going out to smoke, and it seems so useless to have to take your hat and coat every time. And if you thought of it beforehand you could buy those cigarettes that you seem to like—the ones that smell like cloves, you know—before you come."

He is wondering if she is as wise as it seems or as innocent as it appears.—Boston Traveler.

Not What He Meant.

The preacher had been eloquent in his remarks concerning the young girl over whose remains the funeral services were being held. Tears were in the eyes of all present. Even the speaker's voice trembled with the force of his emotion. He concluded his sermon with this outburst: "Can any one doubt that this fair, fragile flower has been transplanted to its hothouse of the Lord?"

The Sicilians.

The Sicilians are perhaps the most mixed people on earth. During the 3,000 years of its history Sicily has been occupied in turn by the following peoples: Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Germans, Byzantines, Arabians, Spaniards, French and English—Fifteen nationalities—and the present day Sicilians have the blood of them all in their veins.

The Wrong Recipe.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Mr. Justus, as he came into the house and found his wife crying as if her heart would break. "What has bothered my little wife?"

"I worked all the afternoon making custards, because I knew you were so fond of them, and—and—" here she began weeping hysterically again.

"And what, darling?"

"And they turned out to be sponge cake."—Tit-Bits.

Self Confidence.

Some one complained to Matthew Arnold that he was "getting as dogmatic as Carlyle."

"That may be true," he replied, "but you overlook the obvious difference. I am dogmatic and right, and Carlyle is dogmatic and wrong."

"Why are you sobbing, my little man?"

"My pa's a millionaire philanthropist."

"Well, well! That's nothing to cry about, is it?"

"It ain't, ain't it? He's just promised to give me \$5 to spend for Christmas, provided I raise a similar amount."—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Elusive Bone.

Much scholarship and anatomical knowledge have been employed from time to time in efforts to identify the bone, lux, said my ancient Hebrew writers to be the nucleus from which the body is reconstituted at the resurrection. There are many marvelous stories of the indestructibility of lux, and the bone has been located by rival claimants to the honor of discovering it in various parts of the human skeleton.

The most careful searching of the last published and ample treatise on osteology will not result in the discovery of the bone called lux. It will be necessary to go to the Frankfurt edition of the "Theatrum Anatomicum" of Caspar Bauhinus (1623) for a description: "It is stated by Plinius, writers to be a bone which cannot be destroyed by fire or water or any other element, nor be broken or bruised by any force. It is in the spine from the eighteenth vertebra to the tenth."

We read that the Emperor Hadrian once asked Rabbi Joshua, the son of Chama, how God would resurrect man in the world to come. He made an answer: "From the bone lux in the spinal column." When Hadrian asked him how he came by this knowledge and how he could prove it, the Rabbi Joshua produced the bone so that the emperor could see it. When placed in water it could not be softened; it was not destroyed by fire, nor could it be ground by any weight; when placed on an anvil and struck with a hammer the anvil was broken in sunder, but the bone remained intact. Hieronymus Maginus represents that, according to the Talmudists, the real bone is near the base of the skull, whether it be in the base itself or in the spine. Vesalius writes that this ossicle is described by the Arabians resembling a chick pea in size and shape, and Cornelius Agrippa describes it as "magnum oleum cerei mundum" (the size of a shelled pea). Different anatomists have held it variously to be the sacrum, the coccyx, the twelfth dorsal vertebra, one of the Vertebral bones in the skull and one of the sesamoids of the great toe.—London Lancet.

A Merited Rebuke.

The irreproachable politeness of the late Edward VII. of England was not only individual and relative to persons; it was human and general as well. Once at Mafeking he majesty and a few friends were having tea in a restaurant in the pine woods near the town. At a table close by sat another party, the host of which was a well known German prince.

The work of attending to the guests at both tables devolved upon a young English waitress, and the king did not fail to report the terrified girl every time she had occasion to answer his summons. Annoyed by this most unjustifiable behavior, the king said to Sir Stanley Clarke:

"You are to convey my thanks to the proprietor here for the prompt and admirable manner in which my party has been served at this restaurant."

The command was instantly obeyed, much to the disgust of the adjoining table, a disgust which was intensified when the king gave the timid young waitress a gold piece.—Youth's Companion.

Fearful Football.

Football had its enemies among the early Puritans in England. In 1583 one Philip Stubbes produced a work entitled "The Anatomie of Abuse," wherein there is a very fierce attack on football. The game was played with vigor in the sixteenth century: "Whoever scappeth away the best goeth not sent free," writes the author, "but is either sore wounded, crained and bruised, so as he dyeth of murther, for they have the delights to meet one betwixt two, to dash him against the harte with the elbowes, to hit him under the short ribe with their griped flete, and with their knees to catch him upon the blippe, and to pkek him on the neck, with a hundred such murthering devices; and hereof growethenvie, mallice, rancour, cholere, hatred, displeasure, enmitie and what not else; and sometimes brawling, contention, quarrell pkekng, murther, homicide and great effusion of blood as experience teacheth."

Books and Beches.

At a sale in New York a bibliophile said:

"Book is a word that comes from the German buche, or beech. But what connection has a book got with a beech? I'll show you."

The bibliophile led the way to a superb Caxton that had just been sold for \$3,600.

"This volume, you see," he said, "is bound in boards—old, pasteboards—real boards, beech boards. That is how all books were bound when printing began. Yes when printing began in Germany, each incunabulum, or early book, was bound in beech—in beech boards half an inch thick, covered perhaps with leather, tipped and clasped with brass and studded with precious or semi-precious stones."

Pen Mar.

Some fellow down Lancaster way has come out with the explanation as to how Pen Mar got its name. "It is of Cornish extraction," says the Lancaster man, and he quotes an ancient rhyme to prove it. The fact is that Pen Mar is so called because it is on the Mason Dixon line, with Pennsylvania on one side and Maryland on the other, the first three letters of each state name being used to form the word.—Philadelphia North American.

A Reflection on the Horse.

"My husband," bragged Mrs. Jones, "was famous long distance runner in his day. He once outran a horse in a twenty mile race."

"Isn't that funny?" answered Mrs. Smith. "We once had a horse like that."

Now Jones and Smith wonder why their wives don't speak.—Buffalo Express.

Church Barrel Organ.

Speaking at a Llangollen meeting, the bishop of St. Asaph recalled that he held his first church appointment at Llangollen. The music to accompany the choir was then supplied by a barrel organ. As a boy he churred it out by regularly turning the handle.—Westminster Gazette.

Lady—You look as though you had seen better days.
Tramp—Yes; once upon a time I wouldn't touch soup like this.—Fleming's Blatter.

Sausage vs. Dancing.

In a small city two women upon whom Fortune had turned her back started about the same time to earn a living. One of them called herself "satisfactorily genteel." She eked out the barest sort of existence by teaching music and dancing.

Of course, she gave on both these accomplishments and the few who patronize her do so wholly out of charity. When the other woman faced the problem of earning an income she asked her lawyer what he would suggest.

"I should say, madam," he answered, promptly, "that, if you could supply the town with such a brand of house-made sausage as I have eaten at your table, you might make a fortune out of it."

"I paint china moderately well," she suggested. "I suppose that would not support me."

"Not if people feel as I do," said the honest old lawyer. "I would rather eat sausage off an old white china plate than factory brand from hand painted china."

The woman laughed. "I suppose that settles the future for me. I shall turn to the sausage machine."

It was not an easy task to take up such a business in a town where she had once been a person of some importance, but she did it, and so successfully that people who began by looking down on her were forced to look up. She did not even disdain to use her own name. Other people in town besides the lawyer knew what a savory article it was, and year by year her trade reached out till it far outgrew a mere locality. Today, instead of coming from her own kitchen it is produced from a splendidly equipped factory.

There is no secret about the sort of success which came to her, says Isabel Gordon Curtis, who relates the incident in an article in Success Magazine. She simply did what she could do best. Still, the little lady who teaches dancing looks down on the sausage factory as a horribly low line. It is a case of a different viewpoint, that is all.

Swiss to Have National Park.

Switzerland is to have a national park similar to the Yellowstone National park. On the border of Italy, at the foot of the Piz Quatrevalle, is a section, including the Chnoza valley, that is rich in botanical and geological wealth, and that has high altitude, healthy climate and beautiful scenery. It is proposed to reserve this for park purposes, and as the region has legendary and historic associations of great national interest, the people generally favor the plan.

An Imposition.

Aged four, she walked into the baker's shop with great alacrity and looked on with evident signs of pleasure while her mother bought a pound of cookies. But her pleasure turned to disgust when informed that this was not to be allowed to eat any.

"Why, you don't suppose I went in there to buy cookies for a paper bag, do you?" demanded the indignant tot.—Washington Post.

His Legacy.

The end time old man lay dying on his hard bed. He called his family together and addressed them thus: "My children, I am about to be summoned hence. I am, as you know, a poor man and have little to leave you, but all I have I give you gladly."

So he beckoned them to his bedside one by one, bled them and gave them moneys.—London Answers.

Built School by Voluntary Tax.

Under curious circumstances a new school has been built in the little town of Podstolna, in Russia. The town folk erected it from the proceeds of a voluntary tax of two cents per glass of vodka consumed, which they imposed on themselves for a whole year.

Mystery Both Ways.

Pauline—Just think of the awful things we know about people whom we don't know!

Roseline—Yes. Isn't it wonderful? And just think what the people whom we don't know may know about us!—Detroit Free Press.

Of Course Not.

"How can you let your Italian teacher kiss you, Amalie?"

"Well, madam, you can't expect me to know enough Italian after only six lessons to forbid him!"—Washington Times.

Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children's white teeth. It is a pleasant and safe remedy for your child's teething and crying with pain of cutting teeth. Send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup for children's teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no medicine so good. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup for children's teething is the most perfect and best female physician and nurse in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Beware of cheap imitations. Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup, manufactured under the Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 100.

We cannot control the evil tongues of others; a good life enables us to despise them.—Cato.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are made especially for nervous and dyspeptic men and women, and are just the medicine needed by all persons who suffer from any cause, do not eat or sleep well, or feel generally run down, or who fail to get proper strength from their food. Cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous and sick headache, etc., yield to the use of the Little Liver Pills, particularly if combined with Carter's Little Liver Pills. In vials at 25 cents.

Much is done in the name of friendship; some badly.—Exchange.

Backs to stand immediately relieved by wearing one of Carter's Heart, Head and Backache Backache Plasters. Try one and be free from pain. Price 25 cents.

Marriage is a lottery. A lottery is illegal therefore a marriage is illegal. June 1st, 1911.

We see better better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are a positive cure for sick headache and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill is needed.

Why do you try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are a positive cure for sick headache and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill is needed.

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Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A Fatal Shot.

Among the less known writers of the nineteenth century was Samuel Rogers. He kept open house and frequently entertained Dickens, Macaulay, Carlyle and other celebrities of the time. Rogers was a notable wit, but unfortunately his thrusts were not always tempered with kindness. Irving, in a letter, says: "I dined tele-tele with him some time since and he served up his fish with a squeeze of lemon over each. It was very piquant, but it set your teeth on edge."

This same caustic flavor of his wit is shown in a story he was fond of telling to the discredit of French valor.

An Englishman and a Frenchman had got into a wordy squabble, which led to mutual insult and a challenge. Nothing could save the honor of either of them but a duel.

But duels were not fought to kill. Even serious wounds were unpleasant and a scratch would answer the purpose much better. So that the antagonists might have a better chance of outwitting one another they repaired to a dark room.

All was in readiness. The signal was given. The Englishman, no less eager to preserve his foe than himself, groped to the open fireplace. He pointed his pistol on the chimney and fired.

"And by Jove," Rogers was wont to exclaim, "he brought down the Frenchman!"—Youth's Companion.</

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Make all queries as brief and to the point as possible.
4. Write all queries on one side of the paper only.
5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. N. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1911.

NOTES.

Early New England emigration to Monmouth County, N. J. The following is reprinted, because of its great interest to New Englanders, who might perhaps not have access to the New Jersey paper, in which it first appeared.

The following is a paper entitled "Early New England Emigration to Monmouth County," prepared by Mr. James Le Baron Willard, historian of the New York Society of Mayflower Descendants, and read before the Monmouth County Historical Association at their meeting held on June 20, 1910, at the residence of Mrs. Joseph H. Ogilby, at Sea Girt, N. J. It was received with such appreciation that I asked that the readers of "Jersey Genealogy" be given the benefit of this valuable paper with the following favorable result. The paper is too lengthy to be published in its entirety in one issue. Later issues will contain names and records (alphabetically arranged) of those who settled from 1645 to about 1670.—M. K. T.

"EARLY NEW ENGLAND" EMIGRATION TO MONMOUTH COUNTY.

The Pilgrims fled from England to Holland because they could not conform to the usages of the Established Church, creed, denied the freedom of liberty of conscience. They sought a "faith's purer shrine," based upon what they held to be a purer form of worship, and a discipline more in unison with their ideas of a Church. For this they left Leyden and crossed the Atlantic and obtained a home and established a government that was the symbol of pure democracy. In the cabin of the Mayflower was signed the compact, the first solemn compact in the history of America, and upon the brief but comprehensive constitution it contained, rests the whole fabric of American republicanism. Under the rulings of the Puritan creed, liberal in feeling and intolerant in practice, the teachings of the Pilgrim Fathers received only continued opposition and contempt, and even in their strongholds in the State of Massachusetts, persecution followed in every form, bigotry and its ally, intolerance, and frequent banishment as the result. Driven from Eastern Massachusetts to Rhode Island, and from there to the Western lands, came the first of those bands who brought with them their firm religious principles and their unshaken faith. The godly spirit of the grand old ruler and teacher, Roger Williams, of Rhode Island came with his followers, and their love and reverence for him was boundless in their gatherings for worship and at the humble hearthstone. To his faith and instruction, came the emigrants to your New Jersey shores trace the well-founded principles that have been their strong bulwarks and their guide, and which have been preserved and cherished by each generation. Written in letters of gold in the "Monmouth Patent" is the acknowledgment of their protection, in the words, "The liberty of conscience, without any molestation or disturbance whatsoever in the way of worship."

This is a grand tribute to your Pilgrim forefathers, and the acknowledgment to them that the same freedom of conscience that bade them welcome to Plymouth Rock, greeted them again upon the shores of Monmouth—the same good Father that watched over the Mayflower on the trackless ocean, guided the steps of their descendants to their Western home. Many of the emigrants from Rhode Island were seafaring men, and had traded in their small vessels from Providence and New Port along the Connecticut shore, to the towns of Stonington, New London, Baybrook, Guilford and New Haven; and across the Sound to the Hempsteads, and around to Gravesend Bay and naturally from there they continued their trip to the neighboring shore of New Jersey—as many of these vessels were provided with quarters for passengers, the emigrants frequently took this method of conveyance, and thus so many of them settled on Western Long Island. The first settlers from the East came to Monmouth in December, 1663, when a party of about twenty English, most of whom had previously come from the New England Colonies, came in a sloop from Gravesend, sailing across the Bay and landing at Navesink, now Navesink, so called from the title of Indians who dwelt there. From the far East came John Bowen, Samuel Spicer and Thomas Whitlock and of the West, some were from Flushing and Jamaica, Long Island, subsequent to the trip between the two shores became very frequent and in family relationship the two shores became closely connected and the tide of travel were as the tides from Gravesend Bay and Shrewsbury River that met at the gate of the ocean.

The name Monmouth seems not to have been officially given to the county until March 7, 1683, when, through the influence of Lewis Morris, who had purchased a large tract of land, some 3,500 acres, an Act was passed that a tract of land west and south of Middlesex County should be named Monmouth County, so called from the estate that belonged to the Morris family in Monmouthshire, England. There were two townships already established in this tract, Middletown in 1684 and Shrewsbury in 1685, and they were called "the two towns of Navesink."

On October 31, 1693, an act was passed by the Provincial Assembly, and approved by Governor Hamilton, giving them Charters as Townships. Middletown was bounded on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, including what is now Sandy Hook; on the west by the Middlesex County line, and on the south where is now the town of Freehold. The boundaries of Shrewsbury were

Middletown on the west, the ocean on the east and south to Egg Harbor, including the greater part of what is now Ocean County, which was not cut off until 1790. Freehold became a town in 1716. The twelve original Patenteers were Richard Snout, James Grover, John Bowen and Richard Gibbons, who first settled in Monmouth, and James Hubbard, who came in his old age. William Goulding, Samuel Spicer, Jr. and James Tilton, remained in Gravesend, L. I.; Nathan Sylvester at Shelter Island, and Quablah Holmer, Walter Clarke, Nicholas Davis and William Itape in Rhode Island, although many of their descendants came later and settled on the lands deeded to them.

In tracing back the families of the early settlers, I had much valuable information to the histories of Monmouth and Ocean Counties, by Ellis and Salter, in connection with the records of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island colonies.

QUERIES.

6718. ELDREDGE—Samuel Eldridge (1) or Eldred, of Cambridge, 1646; Stonington, 1670; took considerable oath under Conn. at Wickford, 1670. Was imprisoned this year by R. I. for assuming to call a jury. In 1674 General Court sitting at Hartford "grants Samuel Eldred the sum of 20 acres for his good service in doing and suffering for the colony." In 1676, the "Eldredges and some other brick hands" went on a night adventure with Capt. Benj. Church, capturing 18 Indians. In 1687 he deeded to son John house and 100 acres, married Elizabeth and had

Elizabeth, b. Oct. 20, 1642; Cambridge, married Martha Knowles, daughter of Henry Knowles of Warwick, R. I. He died about 1720. She died 1728. In 1670 at King's Town, R. I. he was on a jury summoned by his father. In 1709 he and his brother John with two others, bought 430 acres of "vacant lands" ordered sold by legislature. In 1717 he deeded to daughter Penelope one half of above mentioned lands, and the other half to daughter, Mary, calling them respectively wives of Ephraim Gardner and Robert Brownell. In 1721 Martha Eldred relict of Samuel, lately deceased, quit-claimed all her interest in above land to sons-in-law Ephraim Gardner and Robert Brownell.

Samuel and Martha had 8 daughters:

Penelope, who married Ephraim Gardner in 1718.

Margaret, who married James Congdon, and had daughter, Margaret, who married Jeremiah Austin.

Mary who married Robert Brownell, May, b. June 15, 1646.

Thomas, b. Sept. 8, 1649, was in Wickford, 1674.

Daniel (2) died in Kingston. Had Daniel (3), who died in Groton 1737, and James (3), who died in Stonington, 1739, both leaving families.

John—

Would like to connect William Eldridge, who was born in Exeter, R. I., in March, 1763, with the above family.—W. H. E.

ANSWERS.

6714. CONGDON—I have records of the following children of James (3) (James (2), Benjamin (1)) and Silence (Holway) Congdon: James 3d 1782, Benjamin 1783, Margaret 1786, Gideon 1787, Joseph 1789, Christopher 1740, and Stephen 1748, recorded in Charleston. Also I have record of a Christopher Congdon who married Catherine Greene of Newport (7), had children: Christopher, Joseph, William, Nancy, Stephen 1788, and removed to Sharon, N. Y., about 1823 or 1824 where he died in 1829 and his wife about 1839. I believe the two families can be connected. Who can help me?—G. E. C.

PEPYS, THE DIARIST.

Pronouncing the Name of the Garrulous Old Gossip.

Lovers of Pepys often dispute over the correct pronunciation of his name. The form Pepys is the one that has chief authority on its side, and it is according to analogy in other like spellings, such as Wemyss, pronounced Weemys. Pepys still holds good at Cambridge and dates from its bearing's own time. It is also retained by the representatives of Samuel's sister, the Pepys Cockrell family, who are heirs to his name and some of his property. The late Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, an indefatigable collector and editor of ballads, adopts this pronunciation in his pleasing stanzas on "A Gossip at Deptford."

For instance:

The state has no servant of all whom she keeps
Like my equal little friend, who no labor does shrink.

The pattern of quilt driving clerks, Sam Pepys

A disturbing element in the discussion is that the branch of the family represented by the Earl of Cottenham pronounce the name Peppys.

No bearer of the name has ever been known as Peppys, though Ashby Sterry, a respected member of the Pepys club, follows this common but erroneous pronunciation in this excellent epigram, published in the London Graphic November, 1891:

There are people, I'm told—some say there are hoops—
Who speak of the talkative Samuel as Peppys.

And some, so precise and pedantic their step is,
Who call the delightful old diarist Peppys.

But I think right, and I follow their steps.

Ever mention the garrulous gossip as Peppys!

Here's Where Appearance Counts.

The ice and the iceman do their part, we really couldn't do without them; but why is it the girl in white always brings a breeze with her—surely not because she is always carrying the ice water pitcher. It's just because she looks so cool, and that's more than half the secret of our summer comfort—the looks.

Summer Rugs.

We've a splendid assortment of oreeze-laden rugs—pure white ground with odd designs woven in beautiful shades of blue or green. Nothing could possibly add more to the cooling appearance of porch or bedroom; they add an artistic touch too that's truly delightful—not at all expensive either.

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PURCHASE OF Egg Lobsters Discontinued.

The attention of all concerned, is directed to the following:

On and after May 18, 1911.

No egg bearing lobsters will be purchased by the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries until further notice. All such lobsters when taken, must therefore be returned to the water in good condition, immediately after capture, as provided by law.

5-20

E. W. BARNES, Superintendent.

"The late Winslow Homer," said a New York picture dealer, "was engrossed in his own splendid work, and had no very high opinion of the work of his contemporaries."

"A deputation from a provincial museum once visited Mr. Homer's studio to negotiate for one of his fine sea pictures."

"Mr. Homer," said one of the visitors, "does modern paint stand?"

"Herein, sir," the great artist answered, "lies his eternal damnation."

"So your club is going to give a lecture tonight?" said the tall suffragette.

"What will be the topic?"

"Home Industries," responded the president.

"And what do you consider home industries?"

"Why, our husbands, who remain at home and mind the babies and wash the dishes while we attend the club."—Chicago News.

Perdita (at the candy pulling)—Where do we wash our hands? Myrilla—Oh, we don't have to do that. Pulling the candy makes them beautifully white and clean.—Chicago Tribune.

Under Difficulties—"Johnny," said the visitor at the door, "is your father at home?"

"He's trying to be, sir," said Johnny, "but you know, Mr. Squigza, ma's mother's here."

Woes of Translators.

The way of translators is hard, especially where African native languages are concerned. Favorite English hymns, translated for the benefit of the natives, sometimes contain renderings not altogether faultless. "Go labor on, spend and be spent" was given as "Go blander on," etc. The most extravagant instance, however, was the hymn, "Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing," which the natives were exhorted to join fervently in singing. Months later the missionaries discovered that "what they really had been singing was, 'Lord, kick us out, softly, softly.'—Glasgow Herald.

To Meet an Emergency.

"Madam, have you any old clothes to give away?"

"I have a suit belonging to my husband, but I fear it is too big for you."

"Oh, that will be all right. You just set me out a square meal and watch me eat enough so that I can fill it."—Washington Times.

A Protection.

"Any man looks stupid when he wears a monocle," said the critical girl.

"That's why so many of us fellows wear 'em," replied the candid youth.

"If we happen to look stupid we blame the monocle."—Washington Star.

No Wedding Day Bargain.

The Husband (during the quarrel)—You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't?

The Wife—Yes, sir; on my wedding day.—Variety Life.

House Numbers.
Before the advent of the house number only business signs, coats of arms and house names marked the different buildings. Then, in London, for instance, one had to look for Mr. Jones, in a way, "Whitechapel," not far from the Blue Bear. It is thought Berlin in 1705 was the first city to employ the numbering system. The Germans, however, did not put odd numbers on one side of their streets and even numbers on the other. They merely started from the Brandenburg gate and numbered straight ahead, taking no account of change of street. As they proceeded, therefore, the numbers grew higher, the height to which they attained being limited only by the supply of houses. The first house they numbered was No. 1, the last the number that betokened the total number of houses in the city—St. Louis Republic.

An Author's Odd Aversion.

The "stole" meal had attractions for Edward Fitzgerald, who, among his other peculiarities, hated to see people enjoying their food. On one occasion, after a man had finished a glass of wine in his company and gone out of the room, Fitzgerald remarked, with disgust: "Did you notice how he took up his glass? I am sure he likes it. Bab!" Fitzgerald himself, according to his biographer, Mr. A. O. Benson, "lived practically on bread and fruit, mostly apples and pears, even a turnip, with sometimes cheese or butter and milk puddings. But he was not a bigoted vegetarian. To avoid an appearance of singularity he would eat meat at other houses and provided it in plenty for his guests. But the only social meal he cared to join in was 'tea, pure and simple, with bread and butter.'"

"Meet Me at Barney's."

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MUCH PLEASURE.

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7-13w KINGSTON, R. I.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, July 1st, 1911.
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby give notice that they have been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrators of the estate of JOHN J. GILVEY, late of said Newport, deceased, and have given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

CHARLES H. MEEHAN,
CHARLES H. KOEHN, JUNIOR.

7-13w

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Will not leak
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Conforms to all codes, meets all requirements.
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Never-Leak

Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.

Carr's List.

THE SOCIALIST COUNTERS,
By Horace U. Neale,
Author of "Spurrows."
THE OTHER MAN,
By Edgar Wallace.
DIARY OF A REFUGEE,
By Frances Pease.
BOOKS BY ARNOLD BENNETT:
HURLED ALIVE,
MENTAL EFFICIENCY,
HUMAN MACHINE,
HOW TO LIVE ON 21 HOURS A DAY.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.,
June 19, A. D. 1911.
Harriet B. Chase, the Guardian of the
person and estate of

BARBARA C. COGGESHALL,
Widow, a person of full age, presents to this Court her fourth account with said estate, and thereon prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the seventeenth day of July next, A. D. 1911, at one o'clock, p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE,

Probate Clerk.

C213w

REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NATIONAL EX-
CHANGE BANK at NEWPORT, in the State
of Rhode Island, at the close of business
June 7, 1911.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$280,000.00
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	100,000.00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	2,700.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	13,500.00
Banking-house furniture and fixtures	20,000.00
Due from approved reserve agents	\$30,471.11
Checks and other cash items	1,211.21
Exchanges for clearing house	8,523.11
Notes of other National Banks	8,523.11
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	2,561.00
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN	
BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	10,931.78
Legal-tender notes	4,791.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treas-urer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,000.00
Total	\$720,501.15

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS.
Capital stock, paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	85,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	28,321.11
National Bank notes outstanding	95,500.00
Due to other National Banks	4,583.49
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	20,977.72
Individual deposits sub-ject to check	\$47,716.48
Demand certificates of deposit	11,918.00
Certified checks	170.00
Bills payable, including certifi-cates of deposit for money borrowed,	50,000.00
Total	\$720,501.15

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.
I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of June, 1911.

PACKER, BRAMAN,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Edward B. Beckman, Rept. R. Barker, F. C. Coggeshall, Directors.

No. 1492

REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEWPORT NA-
TIONAL BANK at NEWPORT, in the State
of Rhode Island, at the close of business
June 7, 1911.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$280,000.00
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	100,000.00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	2,700.00
Banking-house furniture and fixtures	20,000.00
Due from approved reserve agents	\$30,471.11
Checks and other cash items	1,211.21
Exchanges for clearing house	8,523.11
Notes of other National Banks	8,523.11
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	2,561.00
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN	
BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	10,931.78
Legal-tender notes	4,791.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treas-urer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,000.00
Total	\$720,501.15

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS.
Capital stock, paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	85,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	28,321.11
National Bank notes outstanding	95,500.00
Due to other National Banks	4,583.49
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	20,977.72
Individual deposits sub-ject to check	\$47,716.48
Demand certificates of deposit	11,918.00
Certified checks	170.00
Cashier's checks outstand-ing	533.65
Total	\$720,501.15

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.
I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of June, 1911.

PACKER, BRAMAN,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Albert K. Sherman, George W. Sherman, William Stevens, Directors.

RHODE ISLAND.

STATE COLLEGE.